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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DISARMAMENT IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE South-American press was preoccupied during the middle weeks of December with an unanticipated proposal addressed by the new administration in Brazil, which apparently desired to make a striking demonstration of its antimilitary sympathies, to the Governments of Argentina and Chile. This note suggested that these three Powers meet at Valparaiso before the Pan-American Congress, summoned for March 25, to discuss disarmament, and 'to reach some just and practicable agreement to prevent an increase of military budgets.'

Brazil has for some time past been rapidly strengthening her land and sea forces. It will be recalled that the reorganization of the navy has recently been undertaken with the aid of a special Naval Commission from the United States. Most of the Brazilian troops are concentrated in the district south of Rio de Janeiro; and the last administration in Brazil was so thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of preparedness that it was accused of aggressive designs against its neighbors.

While Argentina, who considered herself threatened by these measures, probably has a better naval base than Brazil, and possesses certain other advantages for both land and sea operations, she believes herself temporarily inferior in respect to armaments to her northern neighbor. Therefore the Government refused the invitation to a Valparaiso conference, suspecting apparently that it was designed to perpetuate the status quo, thus preserving for Brazil her present assumed superiority. The published reason for Argentina's refusal was that the issues it was proposed to discuss could be better discussed at the Pan-American Conference, where all — or nearly all — the Governments of South America, as well as those of North America, will be represented.

The incident, which has many details and ramifications that need not be alluded to here, is mainly interesting to the people of our country as suggesting the presence of national rivalries in South America that are likely to become more intense with the development of that continent and the growth of wealth and population in competing territories, unless some prophylaxis against the infection of war fever is discovered.

POLAND'S NEW PRESIDENT

POLAND'S recent tragedy — the assassination of her first President —

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seems to have relieved the political tension that for a moment threatened domestic peace. His successor, President Stanislaw Wojcechowski, although a Pilsudski man and a radical, has been accepted with an approach to cordiality by his opponents, and conservative journals profess confidence in his impartiality and wisdom.

The new President received one hundred and forty-six votes in the previous election. He is an intimate friend of Pilsudski, and was his colleague on the editorial staff of the Labor paper *Robotnik* for several years. Later he was a trade-union leader. During the war, he resided in Russia, where he was active as a champion of Polish rights. He was a member of the Paderewski Cabinet, and was elected to the present Parliament as a representative of the Peasant Party.

Upon taking office, the new Executive published the following appeal to the country: —

The assassination of our President has cast gloom over the Polish people. Hatred and discord are threatening the peace of our family circles, and the existence of the State. Therefore I appeal to God and to the Polish nation for power and support: that He may remove the evil passions that crept into our hearts during our period of servitude; that we may be made worthy of our ancestors, and may fulfill the duty that they bequeathed us, of creating a united and powerful country. Our most urgent needs are a permanent government and a budget fully met by current taxes. To attain these we must have the united support of the whole nation; for no genius, no dictator, can achieve them without the aid of the people as a whole. Therefore I appeal to you for unity, in the name of the welfare of the Polish Republic.

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LABOR VICTORIES IN AUSTRALIA

At the last Parliamentary elections, Labor gains in Australia and New Zealand deprived the war Premiers, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Massey, of their majority. This leaves General Smuts the only one of the old Dominion prime ministers still in office; and he faces a powerful combination that may speedily bring about his fall.

Mr. Massey had been Premier of New Zealand for ten years. His Party in Parliament has been reduced from fifty to thirty-eight members, whereas his Liberal-Labor opponents now have forty-two votes.

Mr. Hughes returns to the Federal Parliament at Melbourne with only twenty-seven followers. Labor will have twenty-eight members, and the Liberal and Country Parties twenty members, in the new House. The Australian press takes the view that this result shows that Mr. Hughes is no longer wanted, and it is predicted that a new coalition or a minority Labor Cabinet will succeed him.

The Labor Party and the Country Party are equally hostile to Mr. Hughes, but are hardly likely to unite on a single Cabinet platform. The Laborists are opposed to state-aided immigration, especially at a time when the Commonwealth is suffering from an unemployment crisis, and the cultivated area has decreased within five years from over eighteen million acres to about fifteen million acres. The Party also proposes to repeal the compulsory-service clause in the Australian Defense Act, and to reduce military expenditures in general. On the question of imperial relations the party is very radical. It protests that the Commonwealth Government should not be bound by decisions of the Imperial Cabinet.

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M. DARIAC AND THE RUHR

M. Adrien Dariac, extracts from whose secret report advocating the

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seizure of the Ruhr, in order to prevent German competition with France and to assure the payment of Reparations, we published in our issue of December 2, has written a preface to a book by M. L. Coupaye, entitled *La Ruhr et l'Allemagne*, in which he says:—

> At all costs, we must retain our potential means of action against the Germany of industrial production, which even now is completing its organization. To-day we can either destroy it, or, by controlling it, bend it to our uses. Germany feels the weight of this constant menace; and it is possible that the necessity of ridding itself of the Shirt of Nessus may prompt the German Government, counseled and aided by the most interested parties, to put forward proposals of such a nature as will give France temporary satisfaction.

M. Dariac again points out that France can now cut off raw materials from Germany's industrial establishments outside the territory occupied by her troops. He recommends a customs barrier between the occupied territory and the remainder of Germany. He further argues that the French Government should collect a share of the profits on the industrial establishments within her jurisdiction.

Frankfurter Zeitung recently published statistics showing that more than two billion marks have been spent by the French military authorities, in six towns alone in the Palatinate, for barracks and parade grounds, in spite of the ample military equipment previously provided by the German Imperial Government. These figures are calculated in marks before that monetary unit depreciated to its present low value. Naturally this sum is to be paid by Germany. The same journal publishes a list with full details of seventeen cases of criminal assault committed upon Germans by Moroccan colored troops in the occupied territory during three months last summer.

UNREST IN EGYPT

WITHIN the past year fourteen anti-British outrages, involving nineteen victims and nine deaths, have occurred in Egypt, and this campaign of assassination has reached a point where the British Government has been forced to act. Lord Allenby issued a proclamation on January 1, deploring the campaign in the press and elsewhere 'to poison the minds of Egyptians against Great Britain and to foster hatred of Englishmen.'

At the same time Egyptian Nationalists are demanding still fuller control over their own affairs. At a recent mass-meeting in Cairo they adopted the following resolution:—

> 1. We protest energetically against the continued exile of Said Pasha Zagloul and his loyal friends; we demand that he be set at liberty immediately, with the members of the Wafd who are now in prison or under detention.
>
> 2. We protest against the continuance of martial law and demand its immediate abrogation.
>
> 3. We demand the immediate promulgation of the Constitution carrying out the demands of the people.
>
> 4. We demand for Egypt representation at the Lausanne Conference by a delegation elected by the people.

Two rival Egyptian delegations actually presented themselves at the Lausanne Conference: one representing the Zagloul Party and the other the Watanist or Old Extremist Party.

INDIA'S NATIONAL CONGRESS

THE Indian National Congress, a veteran voluntary organization for promoting self-government in India, met in the old city of Gaya late in December. The presiding officer, Mr. C. R. Das, a former disciple of Gandhi, has been converted, as have many Indian

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patriots, to the doctrine of active participation in the new Government bodies now open to natives, in order that these may be used as a political weapon to wrest further concessions from the British Government. This so-called Das-Nehru programme, from the names of its principal advocates, has strong backing in India.

However, the Gandhi element is numerous and active, though naturally weakened by the imprisonment of its leader. Furthermore, the Mohammedans oppose coöperating in any way with the Government so long as the question of the Caliphate remains unsettled.

The Congress decided not to recommend a boycott of foreign goods. A proposal to coöperate with the British administration by taking part in next year's elections to the Legislative Councils was defeated by 1750 votes to 890. The English press reports that the more intelligent and progressive members of the Congress voted with the minority, and that the majority consisted of fanatical adherents of Gandhi. One of the final acts of the Congress was to adopt a motion appealing for army volunteers and contributions of money 'to prepare the country to launch civil disobedience,' and another notifying the world that when India acquires an independent government she will not accept responsibility for any public debts incurred subsequent to the date of the Congress.

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A BOLSHEVIST TEXTBOOK

THE Soviet Government has created a Special All-Russian Commission for Combating Illiteracy. This body has issued a propaganda textbook entitled, *Down with Illiteracy! ABC for Grown-ups*, especially intended for the instruction of the working classes. On the cover page is a picture representing a classroom, with a copy of the official Bolshevist journal *Pravda* hanging upon the blackboard and a gray-haired peasant pupil reciting to a teacher who is apparently a crippled Red Guard. The first lesson begins: 'We are no slaves. — We are no lords.' On every page are laudatory passages praising the Soviet Government: 'The Soviets are the people's alarm bell'; 'the Soviets bear freedom to the world.' Interspersed with these pæans, however, are pointed allusions to the distress of the people — 'Thou hast not enough to eat, but thou art no slave'; 'We are given factories, but there is no work, there is no ore, there is no fuel'; 'We are given fields, but there are no ploughs and spades.' The volume concludes with a workingmen's anthem beginning: —

Proletarians of all countries, unite!
Ours is the power, ours is the authority, ours the might!

The Conservative Berlin daily *Dni* informs us that the melancholy, long-drawn-out Russian folk-song of tradition has been displaced since the Revolution by 'snappy, lively quatrains, usually called *chastushki*,' which are similar to the topical improvizations of the peasants of Southern Europe. They deal with current conditions and local incidents. Rather significantly, they almost invariably criticize the existing Government. A free translation of some of the more quotable follows:—

Lenin, Trotskii, Lunacharskii,
And Zinoviev with Kolontai,
Roam through the villages and shout:
'Give! Give! Give!'

Lenin asked Trotskii:
'Where did you get that hay?'
Trotskii answered Lenin:
'I took it from the peasants.'

I 'm sitting on a barrel
Under it is a jug of wine.
My husband is a Commissar
And I 'm a profiteer!

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Make merry, deserters!
The war will soon end.
Lenin and Trotskii have been hanged
And Kolchak has lost his mind.

There are also parodies of 'The International': —

No one shall bring us our salvation,
No God, no Tsar, no hero great.
We shall distill without their aid
Our moonshine consolation!

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ITALIAN REFORMS

MUSSOLINI, according to newspaper reports, contemptuously dismissed the objection that his Government does not rest upon the free will of the people expressed without duress, by saying that this is immaterial so long as three hundred thousand armed Italians stand ready to obey his command. A conference of Fascisti leaders has approved the following measures: —

The militant Fascisti groups are formally and legally placed under Mussolini's personal command, as part of the public forces.

The Premier shall fix the date of the next elections as his judgment dictates; and he shall 'reform' the electoral law so as to substitute a majority system for the present system of proportional representation, which is not favorable to party dictatorship.

Armed with this authority, Mussolini rejected the plan of uniting with the General Labor Federation and the independent trade unions desired by D'Annunzio. He proposes to tolerate no rivals. D'Annunzio now plans to publish a newspaper against the existing Government.

For a very brief period after the Fascisti seized power the public, which saw in that event principally the crushing of Bolshevism, subordinated party differences in a common acceptance of the new régime. Gradually, however, old political divisions are beginning to reassert themselves.

The Popular or Catholic Party, which won a striking success at the last election, sending one of the strongest delegations to the Lower House, views with dislike Mussolini's proposal to abolish proportional representation. The four factions of the Democratic Party are equally opposed to the projected change. Newspapers have recently announced the impending fusion of the Fascisti Party and the Nationalist Party. This will obviate the possibility of armed conflicts between the military organizations of these parties — the Fascisti Black Shirts and the Nationalist Blue Shirts. But such alliances, strengthening as they do the armed supremacy of the Fascisti, are viewed with alarm by many as threatening still further the principle of constitutional government.

Le Temps summarizes as follows what Mussolini's new Government has accomplished up to date.

In less than a month it has floated a seven-year Treasury loan for a billion lire and has begun to place a second billion for which subscriptions are now being received. So much for the Treasury.

In order to augment its revenues, the Government has courageously gone to work to collect the full taxes levied upon agricultural profits and to extend those collections to salaries. In order to reduce expenses, the Treasury Department and the Finance Department have been united. The War Office has abolished, for example, its Colonial Bureau. A plan is under way to reduce the number of railway employees, which has increased since the beginning of the war, by forty or fifty thousand men. A curious tax of something over $2.00 a hundredweight on flour, even when ground from grain admitted free of duty, has been abolished.

Measures have been taken to check the deceptions practised upon Italian

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emigrants bound for South America by certain colonization companies and agents.

Naturally this vigorous policy has its critics. The agricultural Confederation objects to paying heavier taxes. Some of the Fascisti militants have been growing factious, and certain of their organizations have been dissolved and their leaders dismissed.

The amalgamation of the Black Shirts and the Blue Shirts, to which we have just referred, has not proceeded smoothly; and the Fascisti at Naples have openly rebelled against this measure. The Fiume Legionaries, or the *Sempre Pronti*, are reported to have been dissolved.

An arrangement has been made reducing railway rates from Czechoslovakia to Trieste sixty per cent. The abolition of the Royal Guards and of unnecessary Government Bureaus, according to the London *Telegraph*, 'will mean a saving to the State of several billions annually and probably a better and more expeditious service.'

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BRITISH RAILWAY FUSION

GREAT BRITAIN, like the United States, faces the problem of reorganizing its transportation system along lines of coöperation rather than competition. Both countries are merely following the example of Germany, which has amalgamated the older State railway systems into a Commonwealth system since the new constitution went into effect. The British Railway Act of 1921 will reduce the 125 railway companies of Great Britain, with their corresponding number of chief offices and multitude of directors, to four railway companies with four general managers or presidents, namely: the Southern Railway Company, operating 2129 miles of road; the Great Western Railway Company, operating 3753 miles; the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company, operating 7460 miles; and the London and North-Eastern Railway Company, operating 6464 miles.

Simultaneously, a scale of revised and reduced fares and freight rates is to be introduced. The lowering on long-distance journeys will be very considerable. Simultaneously, however, there have been reductions in the pay of railway employees. It is also anticipated that there will be extensive electrification, especially of the suburban lines, in the near future.

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MINOR NOTES

Det Nye Nord, a new inter-Scandinavian review printed in Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian, discusses Norway's population problem. During the latter half of the nineteenth century, half a million emigrants left that country, mostly for the United States. Between 1901 and 1910, again, the departures exceeded the normal growth of the population. Although the percentage of the population engaged in agricultural pursuits is higher in Norway than in Denmark, yet agricultural products form one of Denmark's principal exports, while they constitute one of Norway's principal imports. This is due to the superior fertility of the soil in Denmark. Consequently, if Norway's children are to be kept under her own flag, the additional employment for their support must come through the development of manufacturing and maritime industries. However, even assuming a rapid increase in hydroelectric development and other favorable conditions, there is no immediate prospect that Norway will be able to find work for all her people at home. 'Like the rest of Europe, she must regard her greatest task the exploitation of the huge wealth of oversea countries.'

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MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

BY GIOVANNI GIOLITTI

[Giolitti wrote the last page of his memoirs at his favorite residence at Cavour, near the foot of the Alps, last October, just as he was completing his eightieth year. The two volumes of more than 600 pages are the most notable work of this character that has appeared in Italy. Entering Parliament in 1882, he rapidly rose in public life, serving as Minister of the Treasury under Crispi in 1889, and subsequently holding the Premiership on six different occasions. We print below extracts dealing mainly with events immediately preceding Italy's entering the war.]

From *La Stampa, December* 16
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

Crispi

He was unquestionably an ardent patriot who had high ambitions for Italy, and wished to guide her to ever greater fortunes. He was a man of immense energy, and of a broad and ready mind, with a very clear idea of his general programme; but he was inattentive to details and executive measures. . . . His impatience and dislike of examining a subject exhaustively sometimes led him into absurd errors.

I recall in this connection an extraordinary incident. I was on a summer vacation at my country place at Cavour, when he telegraphed me to return to Rome without delay. As soon as I arrived, I hastened to his office. He blurted out without any preliminary explanation that we must expect an immediate French attack upon Spezia.

'What!' I ejaculated. 'Are we at war with France? Have we declared war against France?'

'No,' he answered. 'France is preparing to take us by surprise, by an assault, and it is imminent.'

I replied that I did not believe a word of it, and gave him my reasons. Among other things, it was incomprehensible why France, who possessed a fleet three times as strong as ours, should incur the odium of such a brutal violation of international law as to attack us without cause. But the Premier was set in his opinion. He refused to doubt it for a moment, and insisted I should give him my full support. Naturally I did this out of loyalty to him as my chief, so far as my functions as Minister of the Treasury demanded. Crispi had notified England, who sent an Admiral to Genoa to make a public address, in which he dwelt upon the common interests of England and Italy in the Mediterranean.

Later, when I was Premier and Minister of the Interior, I discovered that Crispi's astounding information had come from an agent of his at the Vatican. He had accepted it uncritically, without taking the slightest pains to verify it.

Emperor William

In 1903 Emperor William visited King Victor Emmanuel at Rome. I had already become well acquainted with Emperor William during my Ministry ten years before, when he made a visit to King Humbert. On that occasion I accompanied him to

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Naples, where he was entertained three days, lodging at the Royal Palace, and to Spezia, where he wished to visit the Arsenal. He was deeply interested in all that related to the development of the Navy, as the later progress of the German fleet proved. When he visited Victor Emmanuel III in 1903, the members of the Cabinet were presented to him at a court reception. He recognized me from a distance, and advancing toward me congratulated me, saying that he was glad to notice that ten years had not aged me. I told him that I was growing old fast enough.

The impression that Emperor William II made in personal intercourse, with his frank and cordial manner, was very pleasant. In informal conversation, when the occasion was such that he could let himself loose, he displayed an unusually alert and ready mind, which he enjoyed employing upon a large variety of subjects. His friendly manner never lessened his personal dignity. He conveyed to me the idea that he believed he had a mission, though it might be a somewhat vague one. He did not seem to wish to have it appear that he had precise and concrete objects in view. Naturally, during his visits in Italy, he talked much about our country, and displayed great interest in it; but I observed that his conversation was apparently for the purpose of gathering information, and that he refrained from expressing personal judgments about our affairs.

Austria Plots War

I believe it will be interesting to tell now the whole story (of Austria's plan to attack Serbia). . . . The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Rome was Count von Merey. He was an odd individual, who frequently indulged in language and conduct far from diplomatic. These traits of character, which may have harmonized quite well with his instructions from Vienna, became very prominent during the war, causing the gentlemen who had to deal with him, as they had caused me, to wish to show him the door.

At the period I am describing, we could not afford to have a diplomatic scandal, and I put up with his offensiveness, refusing to take him seriously. I recall that he asked an audience with me one day on an urgent matter. When he entered my office, I discovered that he had come to lodge a formal protest because a shop had been opened in the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, with the sign *Trento e Trieste* — 'Trent and Trieste.' I told him that, had he only gone a little farther down the street, he would have found another shop with the sign *Alla Città di Vienna*. The result was that Merey disliked to deal with me personally, complaining that I did not treat him with enough respect.

It did not surprise me, therefore, that when he received important instructions from his Government, in 1913, he chose a moment when I was away from Rome to present them. [He notified the Foreign Office that Austria proposed to make a naval demonstration against Montenegro, and anticipated Italy's aid.] As soon as the matter was brought to my attention, on April 5, 1913, I replied: —

1. We can never under any circumstances take such an action, whether alone or with Austria, unless we have a mandate to do so from all the European Powers.

2. We shall make every endeavor to avoid such a mandate, and to have all the European Governments coöperate in such an action, or at least England.

3. Neither Scutari nor the Straits of Corfu are worth a European war, and we shall not permit ourselves to become involved in such a war unless our vital interests are seriously threatened, and there is an indisputable *casus fœderis*.

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4. Austria is trying to compromise herself on the strength of our aid, but we must prevent that at all costs.

5. All arguments based upon our recognition of the autonomy of Albania have no weight whatsoever — Albania as an independent Government is a thing of the future, upon which we cannot calculate. . . .

In a word, our policy, in my opinion, must be solely this: to avoid a European war; and, if such a war comes, not to be responsible for it or become involved in it. Compared with this, nothing else is of importance, and I shall never pull the chestnuts out of the fire for other parties.

Again on August 9 — and on this occasion, too, I was absent from Rome — I received the following telegram from the Foreign Office: —

Austria has notified us and Germany of her intention to proceed against Serbia, and defines her action as defensive, hoping thus to bring about a *casus fœderis*, under the Triple Alliance. I do not believe this position valid. I am trying to arrange with Germany to prevent Austria from acting, but it may be necessary to make a public statement to the effect that we do not consider such a move defensive, and therefore do not consider that the *casus fœderis* exists. Please telegraph your approval to Rome.

I replied: 'If Austria attacks Serbia, it is evident that the *casus fœderis* does not apply. She is taking this action in her own interest, since it is not a question of defense, inasmuch as no one contemplates attacking her.'

The thing ended there. But on two occasions the military party at Vienna, which was acquiring a growing ascendancy over the Government, plotted to attack Serbia. On the first occasion she tried to involve Italy, and on the second occasion both Italy and Germany. She light-heartedly invited the calamity of a European war. On two occasions her attempt failed, but on the third, using the pretext of the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, she met no firm resistance and, securing the approval of Germany, succeeded in accomplishing her unholy object.

War Comes

Advocates of our entering the war argued that we should take part in the conflict immediately, because it would be of short duration. They feared that it would end before we were ready, and that we might thereby lose a magnificent opportunity to round out our national territories. They argued that by intervening we should break the equilibrium, and enable the Allies to finish the war in three or four months.

We have abundant proof that the Cabinet anticipated at that time a very short war. The most striking evidence of this is the text of the London Treaty, by which Italy obligated herself to take an active part in the conflict. For instance, the financial clauses of that Treaty merely stipulated that England should advance Italy a loan of fifty million pounds sterling, or less than our war expenses for a single month. Furthermore, the Treaty did not contain provisions regarding ocean freights, coal supplies, iron, grain, and other materials that we must have, which were indispensable in any war, except a very short one.

In addition to what I have mentioned, our fiscal arrangements at home were based upon the assumption that they would be needed only a few months. Some of the diplomatic notes published in our Green Book, and distributed to the members of Parliament when we entered the war, predicted that Austria would speedily lay down her arms, and make a separate peace with Russia. These show, by the mere fact of their publication at such a mo-

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ment, that the Government believed a delay on our part would be dangerous.

On the other hand, I was convinced that the war would be a very protracted one, and stated this opinion freely to all my colleagues in Parliament with whom I had an opportunity to discuss the subject. When people talked to me of a three months' war, I said it would last at least three years; because it would be necessary to crush the two best-organized military powers in the world, who had been preparing for war for forty years, who had a population of more than 120,000,000, and could put 20,000,000 men under arms. Furthermore, I argued that England's army was as yet in the early stages of organization, and would not reach its full strength, according to the statements of the British Government itself, until 1917; and that our fighting front both in the Carso and in Trent presented formidable difficulties.

On the other hand, I laid stress on the tremendous interest that Austria had in avoiding a war with Italy, and the small fraction that the Italians under her flag formed in her empire of 50,000,000 people. Under these circumstances, it was more than probable that we could get what we wanted from her by skillful negotiation. Furthermore, I believed that the Austro-Hungarian Empire, suffering as it did from the perpetual rivalry between Austria and Hungary, and constantly threatened as it was by a revolt of its oppressed nationalities, — the Slavs in the South and in the North, the Poles, Czechs, Slovenes, Rumanians, Croats, and Italians, — who in the aggregate formed a majority of its people, was sure to break up eventually, and that when this occurred its Italian-speaking territories could be peaceably annexed to Italy.

More than that, bearing in mind the debility that Russia showed in her war with Japan, and the violent revolution that followed that war, I doubted if the Tsar's Government could survive hostilities lasting many years. At that time no one imagined that the United States would intervene, nor even dreamed of it; and that was what really brought about a decisive victory in the end.

The certainties were these: a tremendous sacrifice of human life in a war of unprecedented violence, in view of the new, potent, and murderous instrumentalities of offense and defense that science and modern engineering had invented. These new devices were already in use on the French and Russian fronts. It was easy to foresee that a conflict so tremendous might result in the total ruin of those countries that did not win a complete victory. Furthermore, a protracted war must call for colossal financial sacrifices, which would be peculiarly burdensome and disastrous for a country like our own, which possessed very little capital, had exceptionally heavy demands upon its revenues, and was already levying taxes quite as high as the country could bear. I further foresaw at that time that the war would develop into a struggle for the mastery of the world between the two principal military Alliances, while it was to Italy's interest to maintain a balance of power in Europe; and that in order to accomplish this we should keep our forces intact.

The war agitators also appealed to popular sentiment, which was indignant over the violation of Belgian neutrality. But Italy, like America, took no action toward intervening in the war until the immediate interests of her people were attacked. In a letter published in the press in 1915, I argued that no Government was justified in plunging its people into war over a mere question of sentiment affecting

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another nation, but only to defend its own honor and the vital interests of the country.

These are the practical reasons and arguments that my friends and opponents alike will recall my employing against our joining in the war. So far as they were based on an anticipation of a long war and a difficult war, of immense sacrifices of men and wealth, they were fully justified by events.

In December 1914, while Parliament was still in session, a special envoy appeared in Rome from Germany. This was Prince von Bülow. Many malicious and extraordinary legends were circulated regarding my relations with him. As a literal fact, they reduce themselves to this: One day I met the Prince by chance in Piazza del Tritone. We stopped a moment, and he said he was on his way to call on me. I replied that I would call on him instead. The conversation that followed was confined to generalities regarding the European situation. Each of us wished to avoid touching upon delicate topics. I did not intend, under any circumstances, to discuss matters that lay within the jurisdiction of the Government, and Prince von Bülow, who had known me a long time, was quite aware that this was my attitude. I recall that I said to him, by way of compliment, that if he had been at the head of the German Government probably the war might have been avoided, because he would have seen to it that England and Russia did not fight Germany at the same time. He smiled, but made no reply.

Two or three days later he came to return my call, and, not finding me at home, left his card. I had no opportunity to see him after that, nor did I have further communication with him of any kind, directly or indirectly. The next time I saw him was the present year, 1922, when I met him on Monte Pinzio. . . .

Premier Salandra, wishing to talk over the situation with me shortly before Parliament adjourned for Easter, 1915, called upon me at my residence. We had a conversation in which he confirmed the report that the Government was negotiating with Austria, but did not enter into particulars. I said I should like to see Parliament give him a free hand to bring pressure upon Austria, so as to obtain the maximum possible concessions. . . . From this conversation I received a definite impression that the Government did not intend to enter the war, but instead to use every influence in its power to force Austria to relinquish her evasive attitude and to come out frankly for satisfying our just demands. . . . And it is certain that the failure of our negotiations is chargeable mainly to Austria, who refused until it was too late the fair and moderate demands of the Italian Government.

On the morning of May 7, I received a note from Carcano, then Minister of the Treasury, saying that he wished to speak with me that day. I made an appointment for 4:15 P.M. the next day, because of other engagements. Carcano came promptly at the time set, and we had a long conversation, in which he detailed at length the considerations that convinced the Government it was necessary to enter the war. I argued at length against his position, pointing out all the risks that Italy would run. Carcano was greatly agitated at what I said, and tears came to his eyes; but he wound up by saying that the Cabinet's decision was final. He did not mention in any way, or make the slightest allusion to, the fact that a treaty had been signed with the Entente, and I did not understand the reason for this silence until several years later, when the Treaty of London was published by the Bolsheviki. I then saw that it contained a formal

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pledge of secrecy. Until I discovered that this was the reason for his silence, I doubted in my own mind if he really knew of its existence, because we were very old and close personal friends. . . .

I then received an invitation to call on His Majesty, the King, whom I saw the next morning. I explained to him all the reasons that made me oppose our joining in the war. But at this audience, likewise, the secret clause in the Treaty prevented my being informed of the existence of that document.

A little later, about noon, Bertolini came to me. He had already told me that Austria had made certain offers, supported by Germany, and that they had been widely circulated in the Italian circle that had gathered around Erzberger, the German Reichstag member. These offers were pretty nearly all that Italy demanded, as appeared when our Green Book was published. Bertolini's mission was to say that Salandra wanted to see me. I said I should be glad to have a talk with him, and, as he had called on me the last time, I would call on him. So I went to his house at four that afternoon. Salandra said that he had been informed of my conversation with the King. I repeated the reasons why I thought Italy was making a mistake in entering the war under the conditions then existing. No one knew at that time that the United States would ever intervene.

Salandra told me that the Government had already decided to begin hostilities, that it was impossible to turn back, and that if Parliament did not support the Cabinet in this policy he would have to resign. He knew how many deputies shared my views, and therefore inferred that it was possible that Parliament might refuse to support his programme. . . . Naturally the pledge to keep the London Treaty secret prevented him from disclosing the whole situation to me.

I realized later that the Cabinet had another and a special reason for keeping the Treaty absolutely secret. In the second clause Italy obligated herself to carry on the war with all the resources at her disposal, in coöperation with France, Great Britain, and Russia, 'against the states that are at war with these countries.' The last clause provided that hostilities should begin on May 26. These two articles obligated Italy to declare hostilities simultaneously against Austria and Germany; but the Cabinet only told the country that we were going to war with Austria to liberate the Italian territories under her rule. Parliament and the country did not know, as I did not know, that we were making war on Germany, against which country we did not in fact declare war so long as the Salandra Cabinet was in office. That Cabinet thus failed to fulfill the full terms of the Treaty and Italy was consequently distrusted by the Allies until the following year, when the Boselli Cabinet formally declared war against Germany.

Returning to the events I have just described, Salandra evidently realized that his position was a very difficult one, and the following day, May 11, handed in his resignation. The King called me into conference again, as was natural in a Cabinet crisis. I was still in complete ignorance of the treaty obligations that Italy had assumed toward the Entente Powers, and expressed the opinion that the Government could not be entrusted to a man who, like myself, was opposed to Italy's entering the conflict. . . . The following day the King refused to accept Salandra's resignation, and, considering my mission finished, I left Rome on May 17 for Cavour.

During all the time I was at Rome, between Salandra's resignation and his formation of a new Ministry, demon-

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strations and meetings were held throughout the city, directed especially against me and against Parliament. The police did not interfere, even when things were carried to an extreme. I remember that D'Annunzio excited a public meeting, held at the Constanzi Theatre near my house, to threaten me. A great throng rushed out of the theatre and started in a riotous procession toward my residence. The police made no effort to interfere; but a squadron of cavalry and a platoon of *carabinieri* stopped them.

At the same time I received an immense number of anonymous letters from every part of Italy. They filled my letter-box daily two and three times over. The most curious and characteristic thing about them was that, though they came from distant points, — Venice, Sardinia, Tuscany, Sicily, — they all contained the same formula, accusing me of having accepted 20,000,000 lire from Austria and Germany to prevent Italy from joining in the war. A few of these anonymous writers considered that figure rather low, and doubled it. The strange coincidence that they were all alike was a great comfort to me in those troublous days, because I realized that they were not the spontaneous outpourings of my fellow citizens, but part of a well-organized and centrally directed propaganda to get Italy into the war.

THE BOY-EMPEROR'S WEDDING

BY FRANK H. HEDGES

From the *Japan Advertiser, December* 10–14
(Tokyo American Daily)

The flicker of ancient Chinese lanterns and the glare of an occasional acetylene lamp here and there brightened the pathway of yellow earth over which the Empress of China was carried to the palace home of His Imperial Majesty to be wedded early this morning. The dancing yellow lights at spots drove the darkness back into the corners of the high walls, but most of the roadway was bathed in the soft light of the stars and of the dying moon.

Dawn had not broken when her yellow-silken chair was carried through the Great East Gate of the Forbidden City. The trumpets of a Western band blared forth as she entered the little plot of ground where the will of the Son of Heaven is still supreme. Servants came first, clad in silk, to clear the path. Held high above their heads there floated the dragon and the phœnix on silk pennants. Great canopies of embroidery were carried next, and behind them gigantic fans of peacock feathers. Beneath some of the canopies and scattered among the servants walked the Manchu lords and ladies who have remained loyal to their monarch despite the birth of the Republic.

Wearing the gorgeous robe of the Mandarin, Prince Ching sat in stately solemnity on his tall white horse. He rode as befits a Prince and the Ambassador of the Emperor, the Ambassador who had been dispatched to bring the

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bride to the palace. Behind him came four yellow palanquins, in which reposed the sceptre and the seal of gold His Majesty had sent to his bride, the Edict creating her Empress, and the wedding headdress of Her Majesty. Curled up on one of them was the little white kitten that the Princess loves.

A golden phœnix, symbol of the Empress of China, spread its wings from the top of the dragon chair of yellow silk in which she rode. From each corner a phœnix of blue enamel stretched toward the east and west, the north and south. Thirty-two stalwart men carried the little Empress, who sat behind the drawn curtains that her face might be veiled from the public gaze.

The Imperial wedding procession had left the home of the Empress's father two hours before, and had passed through dense crowds that lined the streets of the Imperial City of Peking. Prince Ching had been dispatched by His Majesty with the dragon chair to bring her home, to bring her to the palace that is to be her home forever.

As the chair was borne out of the gates of her father's house, the little Empress peeped out through the curtain, and a waiting foreigner caught a glimpse of her pale beauty. She was clothed in the simple dress of a Manchu maiden, with soft shoes and wearing only flowers in her hair. Thus did she come to the Emperor — a girl, not a personage.

The morning before His Majesty had issued the golden edict that created the Princess Kuo Chia Si the Empress of China, for the Emperor can marry only his equal. He sent the golden seal and sceptre from the palace to her home, where they were placed on a little altar. As the Imperial Ambassador read the Edict, the Princess bowed each time the name of His Majesty was mentioned. She was wearing a yellow-satin robe, embroidered in phœnix and dragons, while a great gold headdress weighed her down. From the back of the headdress there fell nine strings of pearls, caught together twice by jeweled clasps.

As the reading ended, the Empress, surrounded now only by maids and women of the court, took the sceptre and the seal into her little hands. Eight foreign ladies, all of them Americans, were with her, and when they were presented Her Majesty spoke a few words in English to them. Silken replicas of the sceptre and the seal were carried back to the Forbidden City by Prince Ching.

In the afternoon the last of the gifts and of the bride's trousseau were carried into the palace. Each had been packed and was dispatched in accordance with the horoscope. Evening fell, midnight came, and then Prince Ching returned to escort the Empress to her husband.

Two thousand Mandarins and some fifty foreigners had been granted invitations to the wedding. By midnight they began appearing at the North Gate of the Forbidden City. Leaving automobiles behind, the gate was entered and the foreigners found themselves within the walls of that small plot of ground ordinarily closed to all but the old Manchu court.

Between high pink walls that loomed still higher in the darkness and over the uneven stones of the roadway they walked. The darkness that lay within this man-made cavern was broken here and there by the harsh light of an acetylene lamp, while occasionally a mounted Mandarin passed by, with lantern borne before him. Silence reigned within the walls, but outside could be heard the roar of a great city, the roar of Peking, which is not the mechanical noise of the West, but a vast overtone of human voices.

Down the long narrow lane of mid-

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night went the guests. A sharp turn to the left, and a great open courtyard lay before them. Horses were moving about, led by their grooms, and the swish of silken garments came as dignitaries of the court walked to and fro.

The Honorable Hall of the Arrow had been set aside for the guests, and a great canopy of grass and straw matting built out to make it larger. Within this hall yellow-paper dragons curled up the columns, and bare tables and benches had been placed. In the weird light of the lanterns could be seen hundreds of Chinese and Manchus, dressed in fur-lined Mandarin coats and with the feathers of the peacock drooping from their caps. The brilliant colors of the coats peeped from beneath the heavier outer garments, for the night was chilly. On top of the caps the knobs of glass denoted the rank of the wearer, while circlets of jade held the peacock feathers in place. Ceremonial necklaces, two strands to the left and one to the right, were about their necks, more than half of the necklace falling down the back. Scattered among them were a few uniforms of the Republic, and still fewer suits of conventional black and white.

The main room of the hall had been carpeted, and here was a long table, spread with linen and loaded down with food. One corner of the hall had been curtained off for foreigners and a stove placed in it. Manchu officials bowed to their foreign guests and invited them to partake of the food, which was Western style and served by boys from a foreign hotel. Wherever the West touched the Ancient East there was a touch of the incongruous.

From midnight until three o'clock is a long time, but the atmosphere of the Forbidden City, the flickering lanterns, the picturesquely clad loyalists, and the sense of the impending wedding conquered time.

Across the stone-paved court there had been built the road of yellow earth over which the Empress was to pass. It led from one gate to another, and this second gate was closed to all save Manchu princes and the officials of the Household. Through it could be seen the marble terraces of a throne hall, and the starlight fell on a long double row of lanterns that lined the Imperial pathway.

Three o'clock, three-thirty, came — and the notes of the band drew near and nearer. The pennant lances dipped to pass through the gate, respectful silence held the crowd, and the yellow-silk palanquin of Her Majesty passed by to enter the secret places of her palace home.

The wedding rites themselves were simple. Clad in wedding robes, the Empress and the Emperor sat side by side on the Dragon Bed, he on the left and she on the right. Manchu Princesses, chosen because they had both parents and children living, bore in cups of gold containing wine and a soft wheaten bread. The cups were tied together with red and gold ribbons, and, as Their Majesties received them, they exchanged the cups. The whole was symbolic of long life and the blessing of posterity.

To-day Her Majesty bows only to the Emperor and Heaven. To-morrow they prostrate themselves together before the tablets of the Imperial Ancestors. On Sunday Manchu princes, noblemen, and loyalists will kotow before Their Majesties. Feasting and theatrical performances will then set in for several days.

It is a gorgeous ceremony by which the young Boy-Emperor supplies his tiny Empire with an Empress. So has it been done in the past, and so may it be done in the future, for the object of the marriage is that the Imperial Family of Ta Ching may not die out.

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The Empress came to the Emperor to the blare of trumpets and borne in a silken palanquin of Imperial yellow. The little Manchu maiden left the home of her father and came through the starlight to the waiting arms of her young boy-lover.

At the royal audience and reception that followed, the youthful heir of the Manchu Dynasty stood on the dais of the Dragon. There was something in the slender boyish figure and dignified but self-deprecating manner of His Majesty that reminded one of the Prince of Wales. His long robe, lined with white fox, trimmed with a sable collar and bearing the embroidered Dragon Circlet of the Emperor, fell in graceful lines. Beneath his cuffs there peeped the under-robe of sable. His Manchu cap was surmounted by a button of gold, but his slender fingers held no sceptre — only the goblet of champagne. A half-shy smile spread over his face as the cup touched his lips.

In receiving his foreign guests, the Emperor stood in an antechamber. On his right was the Empress. His Majesty seemed perfectly at ease and to be enjoying the unusual occasion, but he greeted his guests with a boyish dignity. A few paces to his right stood his wife, the new Empress. She was wearing the golden robe of authority, embroidered with dragons and clouds, and on her head was an elaborate Manchu headdress, decorated with great paper flowers. A magnificent rope of pearls hung about her neck. Her delicate but clear-cut features conformed not only to Manchu and Chinese but to Western standards of beauty. The pink of her cheeks was produced by the paint which the Manchu maidens, unlike their American sisters, use frankly and openly. The long Dragon Robe failed to conceal entirely her girlish figure. She appeared a trifle embarrassed, but when Miss Isabel Ingram, her American tutor, was presented, Her Majesty's face lighted up with the smile of welcome that is accorded a true friend when found among a group of strangers.

The reception of the foreign guests having been completed, a drum broke the silence, and then the weird notes of a reed flute, such as is heard in the Shinto Shrines of Japan. A bell boomed, and the music of ancient China and of the Manchus, the music that Japan has borrowed, rose on the air. Beyond the gates of the courtyards came a call. Slowly, and with stately and solemn dignity, Manchu and Mongol princes and nobles, clad in the gorgeous robes of the Mandarin, approached the throne, which was veiled from them by a yellow canopy. From three directions they came — from South, from East, and from West. Across the marble causeway of the courtyard they trod, and on the raised platform before the Throne Hall.

They neared His Majesty; they paused, the drums resounded, and the reed flutes shrilled. Nine times they prostrated themselves before the Emperor of China, the gold and blue and many colors of their robes glistening in the sunshine as they performed the ancient ceremony of the kotow before the Son of Heaven, whom they still call sovereign despite the rise of the Republic.

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PASTEUR — THE MAN AND HIS MONUMENTS

BY RENÉ VALLERY-RADOT

[*M. René Vallery-Radot is the son-in-law of Pasteur, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated December 27, and he is also author of the great* Life of Pasteur *which inspired Sacha Guitry's play.*]

From *L'Illustration, December 23*
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

NEVER have the footsteps of a great man been marked with so many memorials as those of Pasteur. Tablets in stone or marble, medallions, busts, statues, monuments, have been placed in every house in France where he ever dwelt, where he worked, where he gave with frank spirit and a free heart full measure of his scientific knowledge and his human goodness. In the latter part of December and in the months that follow the whole world will celebrate the centenary of his birth as a day auspicious for humanity beyond most others; for Pasteur represents noble and worthy conquests, peaceful, laborious, and beneficent. Many a life that has been protected and prolonged from day to day owes its existence to him.

Proud in her love for him, France has desired each stage in such an existence to be remembered forever. To pause at each point that recalls him is to recollect the various chapters of his life and the sum of his discoveries.

Acts of homage, rendered while he was still upon earth, preceded the efforts of posterity. The humble house at Dôle in which he was born is still standing in a street formerly known as the rue des Tanneurs, which is to-day the rue Pasteur; and upon its narrow front a tablet was placed, in July 1883, to consecrate it as the birthplace of Pasteur. Pasteur himself had been invited to be present at the ceremony, which took place in the open street. When he saw once more the dwelling that he had left as a child and never seen again, he was seized with deep feeling, and there burst from him these moving words of filial piety, which are easily remembered, so deep is their rhythm: —

'Oh, my father and my mother, my dear departed ones, who lived so modestly in this little house — it is to you that I owe all.'

The crowd who pressed all about him in the street seemed to surround him with a general tenderness. They had just heard, expressed with all the power of genius, the deep feeling of a heart that felt profoundly. There grew up, not merely at Dôle but at a good many other places as well, a new and different feeling, a personal and intimate cult, love for that very human heart — his glory quite aside. And so when, thirteen years later, after the death of Pasteur, the village of Dôle wished to erect a statue to him, there was a movement in the air through the whole city, like those that blow sometimes among people as the winds blow on the sea. Enthusiasm sprang up and there was generous giving. For three months before the dedication of the monument, the women, the young girls, and the children spent their evenings in making artificial flowers by the thousands and thousands, and garlands were stretched across the street from window to window. Trium-

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phal arches alternated with this dazzling profusion of flowers, joyously decking the ancient capital of Franche-Comté.

The lower gate, where many a time had trudged the child who was to transform the scientific, industrial, and medical world, and to bestow on surgery the greatest boldness together with the greatest safety, recalled those filial words of invocation, surrounded with flowers, where all could read: —

'Oh, my father and my mother!'

The statue rises abruptly on the public promenade. Trees form a semicircle behind it, lending an air of retirement to its solemnity. Pasteur stands on a tall column of stone, deep in thought, as though seeking the solutions to problems that he alone could find. Standing beside the column, as if supported in the air, appears the figure of Glory, holding out a branch of laurel in one hand, while with the other she supports the column and points upward to the great preserver of human lives. At the base sits a mother with a look of entreaty upon her face, drawing two sick children to her with a movement of tenderness, agony, and hope. At the foot of the monument are the words: 'Grateful humanity' — words that sum up the homage of the living and of generations yet to come.

The town of Arbois, situated at a little distance from Dôle, also wished to erect a statue of Pasteur. The two names are so intimately linked that it was thought for a long time Pasteur was born at Arbois. He went there at the age of five. His father, an old soldier of the First Empire, who had been decorated on the field of battle by Napoleon I, had rented the little tannery on the canal at Dôle for only a short time, and for a still briefer period another tannery in the commune of Marnoz, between Arbois and Salins. But in 1827 he saw an opportunity of securing a tannery on the outskirts of the town of Arbois, and there he kept on working bravely to win bread for his wife and his children.

Besides the first keen and charming memories of youth, Pasteur always had a great attachment for the town of Arbois. He went back there for his vacations; it was a refuge from his work. Letters on the experiments in progress, scientific notes, projected studies — what things were written out and thought out in this dwelling! It had to be somewhat changed for him because of his growing family, and because of the requirements of *franc-comtois* hospitality, but the landscape, which oftenest drew his glances and his thoughts, has remained unchanged. The same vines creep up the hillsides. Pasteur delighted to take the same roads that his father loved to follow at the close of day, when his work was over, and at the same hours. His old schoolfellows were happy to meet him and to hail him as 'Louis,' just as they had done in the old days. Those who could not grasp the sweep of his genius knew at least what kindliness and willingness for each day's task were hidden under his cold and grave exterior.

To-day, almost in the centre of the town, in the middle of the street up which he climbed with slackened pace during his last years, opens a promenade, narrow indeed, but with an air of intimate grandeur in its stone benches and rows of lime trees. There Pasteur sits to-day. His attitude is pensive, his face gently austere, his glance deep and distant. Is it some new subject for research that he is seeking? Or is he preparing again, with all his power of concentrated thought, one of those scientific papers that he wrote in the peace and quiet of Arbois?

He took infinite pains to describe with the utmost clarity the experiments

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from which he deduced general laws. He always chose the simplest words. Facts, ideas, hypotheses, deductions leading to the great future discoveries, were all cast in a sober, keen, decisive style, and the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Medicine heard the reading of these masterly pages, spoken in that strong voice of his which carried conviction with it.

All that laborious past — strenuous, it is true, but so fertile in results that served the common good — sweeps across the memory as one approaches this statue. The bas-relief at the left, with its figures of a vine-grower, a laborer, a cow, a chicken, and a dog caressed by a child, recalls his studies on vines, vaccination, chicken cholera, and rabies. The bas-relief on the right represents a procession of people bitten by mad dogs, who have come from every part of the country to ask for preventive inoculation against the terrible disease, rabies. Behind the statue you see medallions of Pasteur's father and mother, who sleep, after their lives of work and simple living, in the cemetery that you can see back there, with its rows of trees among the white stones.

The trip from Arbois to Besançon is only forty-eight kilometres. It was at Besançon that Pasteur was a student and became later *maître d'études*, or *maître surnuméraire*, as they said in those days. His stay there lasted from the end of 1839 to 1842, and this city, also, wishing to do his memory honor, has placed a bust of Pasteur at the right of the entrance to the lycée. The students may recall those years when Pasteur, then young as they are now, had the especial privilege of being called at four o'clock in the morning by the night watchman, who used to say in a gruff tone of ironic gayety: 'Wake up, Monsieur Pasteur. We must drive away the demon of idleness!'

His schoolfellows felt an esteem for him that verged upon veneration. He had a mind greedy for learning, ever on the alert to go beyond the prescribed course of study. His frank and open heart was always prone to enthusiasm. Moral dignity wrapped him round. The schoolmasters loved him. Everyone predicted that in the future he would become a professor who would possess to a peculiar degree a feeling of responsibility for the training of the students entrusted to him.

In the month of August, 1842, when he left the lycée at Besançon, where he had worked very hard, chance assigned him, in the *baccalauréat ès sciences*, the grade of 'mediocre' in chemistry — a comforting precedent for many students who are too easily discouraged and for others who wish to reassure their parents! The next year he was received in the fourth class of the École Normale, which was then next the Collège Louis-le-Grand. The building, which looked like a cross between a barracks and a hospital, had the dismal appearance possessed by buildings of its kind in old Paris. But something new came into it with Pasteur — youth, faith in science, enthusiasm for the teachers, whose lessons at the Sorbonne he had followed for more than a year. Though the course at the École Normale had its severer aspects, there were compensations in the freedom of working conditions, which favored the student's independence in his studies. To go into the library at will, to consult the journals, the reviews, and the books — all that was an opportunity for earnest young men to develop the taste for personal investigation outside the fixed programmes of study.

A celebrated German crystallographic chemist, Mitscherlich, had published a puzzled little article, almost a challenge, which he offered to the scientific world, on two salts whose

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crystalline structure was apparently identical except for their action on polarized light. Pasteur, who had been attracted by crystallographic studies, together with studies in physics, chemistry, and optics, contrived by the most vigorous inductive reasoning, and the most consummate ingenuity, to give an experimental explanation for this optical anomaly. His first discovery opened a great chapter in Pasteur's career, of which we can say here only that it dealt with molecular dissymmetry. He pursued his studies at Strassburg, where he had been named substitute professor of chemistry. They filled all his thought because in his eyes they held the secret of life.

Next June there will rise before the main hall of the Université de Strasbourg a monument to the glory of Pasteur, standing side by side with the monument to Goethe. After the solemn ceremonies that will mark that great event in the history of science and the history of the world, — affirming a desire for peace proclaimed in the name of France, — more than one disciple of Pasteur will go to the modest house in the rue des Veaux, not far from the cathedral, where Pasteur lived with his wife and children. A tablet was placed near one of the windows, twenty-five years ago, when Germany was in full possession.

How could one hope that an act of homage, be it never so discreet, could be rendered to Pasteur in Strassburg while Alsace was still held by its Prussian garrison? Every day the tread of passing soldiers marked the military power of the conquerer, bruising the soil of conquered France. But under the enthusiastic, whispered inspiration of a young girl, a few Alsatians were able to gather at six o'clock one morning, before the street was awake, to place and dedicate the tablet. On this house-front the youthful Pasteur who really lived in Strassburg has not been represented — Pasteur as we see him in a daguerreotype of 1850, a little stiff, the lips shaven, the eyes clear through the spectacles — but the Pasteur of later days who has become classic. How many Alsatian glances, before the war of liberation, have been lifted to this building, invoking the French genius, the benefactor of all humanity!

Pasteur's work went on at Strassburg. Immense perspectives opened before his imagination and his observation. 'I am led to believe,' he said one day, 'that life, as it is manifested to us, must be a function of molecular dissymmetry and the consequences that follow it.' When, at the age of thirty-two, Pasteur left Strassburg in 1854 to go to Lille as dean of the faculty, he was altogether occupied with his studies of dissymmetry; but, captivating though they were, he was soon to be led, both by the logic of his ideas and by the logic of his feelings, toward the great and at that time obscure subject of fermentation.

While he was at work one day in an old laboratory warmed only by a coke stove in one little corner, the son of a Lille business man came in, who, after having much trouble in the manufacture of alcohol from beets, had come to consult him and ask him to undertake an investigation of the cause of these accidents. Pasteur made this discovery at Lille. He saw in fermentation a phenomenon not of death but of life. In the month of August, 1857, he sent to the Société des Sciences at Lille his memoir on the souring of milk, a paper of only fifteen pages, out of which the whole science of pasteurization was to grow. Their statue to him rises majestically in the place Philippe-le-Bon. Standing upon the summit of a lofty column is Pasteur, the head a little bent, holding a retort in his right hand at which he is looking with his

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usual deep attention. Before the pedestal is a peasant woman, with her face turned toward him, and her child raised in her arms and held up to him in gratitude. Even the baby is holding out his little arms gratefully to the man who saved him.

Pasteur left Lille at the end of 1857, having been called to Paris as assistant director of science and administrator at the École Normale. In two rooms of the school's abandoned granary, in which there was neither preparator nor even a boy to help about the laboratory, he carried out studies that drew the attention of the entire world. In the midst of his work on the ferments, he had to grapple with the question: Where do these little things, which are so very powerful, come from? How could he keep on with the study of the ferments if he could not make out their origin? Were they born of themselves, spontaneously?

The great public chattered about it, influenced by preoccupations that bore no relation to the pure quest for scientific truth. Without preconceived ideas, Pasteur attacked the question of spontaneous generation. It was an obstacle to him in the middle of his study. Once begun, he would not leave off without success, and after having made a great many of the most decisive experiments, he was able to say in his famous lesson at the Sorbonne in 1864: —

> No, there is no fact known to-day that justifies the statement that these microscopic creatures come into the world without germs, without parents similar to themselves. Those who pretend that it is so have been the victims of illusion or of clumsy experiments, and are entangled in blunders that they either did not perceive or did not know how to avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera.

While the others were still talking, Pasteur had gone back to the infinitely little agents of change. He showed that the making of vinegar was wholly due to an active little plant, *mycoderma aceti*. He had discovered the main cause for the diseases of wines. He had pointed out the way to combat them by heating the wines, no matter in what quantities, to temperatures between 55 and 60 degrees Centigrade. Already Pasteur suspected the enormous power of infinitely little organisms in infectious illnesses; and then, in the very midst of these experiments and others he had planned, he was called upon to make the hardest sacrifice — he was asked to postpone it all in order to undertake new studies.

A disease that defied all remedies, and the causes of which could not be determined by any study, was gradually ruining the silk-growing regions of France. The losses for the year 1865 ran up to a hundred million francs. Cocoons were either contaminated or suspected of contamination, no matter from what corner of Europe they came. Japan alone was able to produce healthy ones.

Pasteur, earnestly begged to study the problem, was in doubt for some time. 'Just remember,' he said once to J.-B. Dumas, who asked his aid both as a scientist engaged on the problem and as a senator who was receiving anxious petitions from the city of Alais, 'just remember that I have never even touched a silkworm.'

'All the better,' replied Dumas. 'Since you don't know anything about the subject, you will have no ideas except those that come from your own observation.'

Deference for his chief, scientific curiosity suddenly aroused, and the stories of general ruin that stirred a heart always ready to lend its energies to the healing task, led Pasteur to set off for Alais. He reached there on June 6, 1865. With the microscope — the chief means of investigation in all

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his studies — he was not slow in discovering that the disease came from certain microörganisms, which were readily visible and which developed mainly in the cocoons and in the adult moths. After that, what was simpler than to make a microscopic examination of the bodies of the females, abraded after egg-laying in a small mortar, to determine the presence or absence of these microörganisms? If none were present, the silkworms that would emerge from the eggs would be healthy.

Pasteur communicated this view of the problem to the agricultural committee of Alais twenty days after his arrival; but he took five years to support with convincing proof and numberless experiments what he had discovered in less than three weeks. Working with his preparators, Gernez, Raulin, Duclaux, and Maillot, in a house called the Pont-Gisquet, not far from Alais, — a house on which a commemorative tablet is soon to be placed as on all other houses where Pasteur ever labored, — what experiments and tests he made to demonstrate the certainty and simplicity of his method!

One would think that, amid the general distress prevailing in the silk industry, Pasteur's method would have been snatched up with frantic haste and tried out. But opposition arose, some of the critics being influenced by stubbornness, others being envious because Pasteur had overturned like houses of cards the theories they had built up, and others simply denying the whole thing — silk merchants who did not want their speculations interfered with. But Pasteur was sustained as always by that glowing faith of his, which those about him understood and admired so much. The years slipped by; results were won; the method came into use everywhere. Immediately after the death of Pasteur, the city of Alais decided to put up a statue to him. It represents him standing with a branch of heath in one hand, on which the cocoons of the silkworms are spun, while with the other hand he lifts up the fallen silk industry.

America is to celebrate the centenary of Pasteur like that of Columbus. Meetings will be held and monuments raised to the memory of the great Frenchman who is blessed by all mankind. In other parts of the world, on these days of assemblages and dedications, there will be pauses for recollection. Will the true way that humanity must tread become apparent in the glow of those moments? Will the peoples remember the words that Pasteur spoke on the day when his seventieth birthday was celebrated?

'I believe with unshakable faith that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war, and that the peoples of the world will seek knowledge not to destroy but to create.'

After the silk industry had been saved, agriculture was laid under a debt of gratitude. Three kilometres from Melun, on the Pouilly-le-Fort farm, the great experiment of 1881 in anthrax vaccination was carried out. The agricultural society of Seine-et-Marne, keenly interested in Pasteur's discovery of the possibility of reducing the anthrax virus to a vaccine, offered him two sets of sheep to use for experiment. The vaccine method — announcement of which, as had been the case with other of Pasteur's discoveries, roused the joy of some, who greeted it as a new step forward, and the ironic criticism of others — would thus through a public experiment give proof either of its efficacy, its uselessness, or even, as some whispered, its positive harmfulness. Pasteur planned his experiment as follows: Twenty-five sheep were to be inoculated at intervals of from twelve to fifteen days, first with

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a weakened virus and later with a more active virus. A few days later, this first lot of twenty-five sheep, together with the twenty-five of the second lot, — to which nothing at all had been done so far, — were to be inoculated with the most powerful virus of all, the deadly one.

'The twenty-five sheep that have not been vaccinated will die,' wrote Pasteur to the agricultural society. 'The twenty-five vaccinated ones will resist the virus.' His two collaborators, Chamberland and Roux, in spite of their faith in him, were amazed at such a statement. The most famous of the veterinarians, Bouley, who had become an apostle of the new doctrines, thought that such an uncompromising experiment was too sweeping.

'He is burning all his bridges behind him,' he told me with keen anxiety.

When Pasteur entered the barnyard at Pouilly-le-Fort on June 2, twenty-two dead sheep, which had not been vaccinated, were lying on the ground, two more were in their last agonies, and the last sheep of the lot doomed to sacrifice was beginning to breathe hard. All the vaccinated sheep were on their feet and in good health. He was wildly cheered. The insidious attacks of earlier days, the interchange of murmurs, the evil joys that malice once anticipated, had all been swept away by this large-scale lesson. The veterinarians who had shaken their heads, with incredulous smiles, were applauding now with both hands. The battle was won all along the front.

Such are the memories, going back forty-one years, that stir in the breasts of the few survivors of that period as they look up the bank of the Seine, under the trees, to the monument at Melun. A shepherd girl stands there, holding a sheep close to her. Her face is turned toward Pasteur as, with a charming gesture, she offers him a sheaf of flowers.

Six weeks after the experiment at Pouilly-le-Fort new ones were carried out in the department of Eure-et-Loir. But this time it was not with a cultivated anthrax virus but with the blood of an infected sheep that had died that very morning. The causes of anthrax, the means of its contagion, a preventive method — all had been studied, tried by experiment, and proved. That is why, on June 3, 1903, at a celebration of the agricultural committee, a monument to the glory of Pasteur rose on the place Saint-Michael at Chartres.

When the governor of Algeria wrote to Pasteur in 1893 that the village of Seriana would be called Pasteur in the future, he replied: 'When a child of the village asks in the future the origin of the name, I hope his teacher will tell him simply that it is the name of a Frenchman who loved La France, and that in serving her as best he could he contributed to the good of humankind. My heart beats as I think that my name may some day waken in a child's soul the first feelings of patriotism.'

Near Marne is the estate of Villeneuve-l'Etang, and here, during the years when he was studying rabies, Pasteur established a huge kennel. The State had placed at his disposal the lodgings that had served under the Second Empire for the hundred guards and squires with their horses. Under the clustered beeches he came to rest, in September 1895, and during the lectures and interviews that he still kept up, he loved to glance out over this calm and lovely landscape, his glance still clear and vigorous. Gathered round him under the motionless foliage during these peaceful hours we used to watch the sun sink behind the horizon, and, struck with grief, we used to think in silent sorrow that this glowing life, too, would one day sink to

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rest. Sometimes the doctors tried to make us realize it, but we hoped that by our care we might ward off death from him who had so often driven it away from others.

Then, suddenly, death came. It was September 28, 1895. The lower chamber has been left just as he left it. One enters quietly there, speaks in a hushed voice, and feels again in that little space the great life that has gone.

Not far from the place de Breteuil, the Institut Pasteur guards the tomb that was erected by the love of his widow and his children. When the doors that guard the entrance are open you may read the words: *Ici repose Pasteur.*

Then follow these words of his: —

Happy is he who carries a God within him, an ideal of beauty to which he is obedient — an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of the fatherland, an ideal of the virtues of the Gospel.

Then you go down a few steps. The marble columns are like a guard of honor about a sarcophagus. Great slabs of marble bear the dates and names of his discoveries. Above the sarcophagus, in a cupola of mosaic on a base of gold, rise four figures with spreading wings: Faith, Hope, Charity, Science.

Between the sarcophagus and the altar, on a simple tombstone, you read: Marie Pasteur. 1826–1910. *Socia rei humanæ atque divinæ.*

How many living creatures saved, how many wounded rescued during the war, how many mothers and children snatched back from death have come and still come in ceaseless pilgrimage to this light-filled tomb!

A SPANISH MEMORY

From *Neue Freie Presse, November* 26
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

In 1873 I was commissioned by the *Neue Freie Presse* to visit Spain as its correspondent. The country was in a state of transformation. A revolution had occurred just at carnival time, and since the Spaniards attached more importance to the carnival than to the revolution, the latter wore a comic-opera aspect.

I chose the pleasantest route for my journey through the Paradise of the Riviera, constantly in sight of the picturesque Mediterranean coast.

Finally I reached Madrid, the heart of a former World Empire, upon whose whilom dominions the sun never set. My lodgings were in an ancient inn, once the palace of a cardinal. I occupied an immense, gloomy chamber, whose windows looked out on Puerta del Sol, the most fashionable plaza in the city, so I had abundant opportunity to study the throng of idlers, corner loiterers, and leisurely strollers that have always been so typical of the Spanish capital. They lounged about or walked back and forth in couples, with deliberate dignity, shabby sombreros on their heads, chins sunk deeply into the folds of their romantic, weather-faded capes, with all the air and manner of worthy representatives of Spain's pathetic fate — princes in beggars' cloaks.

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The first morning after my arrival I was so fascinated by this scene that I almost forgot the purpose of my visit — the fact that I held in my hand a letter that must be delivered immediately. It was a letter of introduction from the Spanish Ambassador in Vienna. The address, so to speak, emended history, which always describes Spain as a monarchy; for it read: 'To the President of the Spanish Republic.'

Spain's geography, surrounded as she is on three sides by sea, and on the fourth by the peaks of the Pyrenees, isolates her from the main currents of European life and thought. Nature seems to have predestined her to conservatism and tenacious loyalty to tradition. So this most monarchical of all countries had adopted the forms of a republic quite inadvertently. Where once the proud Castilian Hapsburgs, and after them the equally proud but dull-witted Bourbons, had ruled, a simple citizen now held the reins of state. He wore no crown, he carried no sceptre, nor did he display other outer signs of his high office. But he was a Spaniard, and bore one of those sonorous Spanish double names whose dignity involuntarily impels you to take off your hat — Don Estanislao Figueras y Moracas. When I read it to myself aloud, an involuntary shiver of awe ran down my back.

Consequently, it was not without some emotion that I entered, an hour later, the reception room of His Excellency the President. But my intimidation vanished in a moment. Don Estanislao stepped forward to meet me with a cordial smile. He was a man approaching fifty, slightly gray, very slender, almost gaunt. He shook my hand as if I were an old acquaintance. I did not get much from our hasty conversation except an idea of what Spanish champions of liberty were planning. They proposed to convert the old kingdom into a federal republic. Abolishing the throne had produced the same effect that it has in Austria-Hungary — old provincial jealousies and rivalries had revived. Aragon and Castile suddenly remembered that they were one-time independent kingdoms; Barcelona wished to become again the capital of Catalonia; each province had its demand. In Germany we call this particularism; in Italy it is named regionalism; in Austria the 'lands' are stormily insisting on their right to live in their own fashion. Everywhere we see the same phenomenon; reason bids us form great political unities; but sentiment makes us cling fast to our neighborhood rights and interests.

The President soon dismissed me with an invitation to call again in the near future, and disappeared behind the mountain of correspondence and documents with which his desk was burdened. The Republic was only two weeks old, but seemed already in danger of being smothered under paper.

My second call was upon Emilio Castelar, who was in charge of the Foreign Office. He had made a written appointment with me to call at eleven the following day. I was starting out bright and early in order to keep the engagement to the minute, when a Madrid journalist friend told me just in time that the appointment was for eleven o'clock at night, which is the usual hour for receiving callers in Spain. The Foreign Office of the Republic had been installed in the Royal Palace. The building occupies an imposing site upon an elevation at one end of the city — an easy place to find in the daytime, but almost undiscoverable at night, for the narrow winding streets are but scantily lighted. I was told that the Minister's office was on the ground floor; I wandered about aimlessly in the darkness, through inter-

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minable corridors, whose obscurity was intensified rather than relieved by a few miserable gas jets. Now and then a human form would glide through the dusky distances, like a spectre. When I accosted one of these, I was told: 'Right ahead to the right, turn to the left, and then to the right again.' This was all the information I could get.

I began to feel as if I were entangled in a maze of mystery, stimulating enough to the imagination, but not likely to lead me to my object. The Palace was not an especially venerable building, but it required little effort of the fancy to conceive it as the old home of the Spanish Hapsburgs — the scene of their cruelties and atrocities, where Charles V alone had executed thirty-six thousand heretics; where the Don Carlos drama, the horrors of which had been verified by recent investigation, had its sad beginning and its bloody end. These half-lighted passages seemed like the tunnels and mine galleries of some subterranean world, losing themselves in unfathomable depths. The tiny gas lights flickered like the last breath of a dying man; like unhappy souls wandering aimlessly in Purgatory.

The imagination paints its pictures most vividly on a black background. Against the darkness, I began to see outlined romantic and tragic processions of familiar historical figures. Is that not Charles V — that tiny figure peering from the obscurity of yonder opening? And that still smaller man behind, with a rosary in one hand and a hangman's noose in the other — is that not his son, Philip II, the gloomy fanatic? I began to fancy that I could even see the other Philips, the whole tribe of Hapsburgs, self-expatriated from Germany — little unimposing creatures whose frail forms have none the less been immortalized on canvas by the greatest artists. Both Rembrandt and Velasquez painted Philip IV. The great Titian once made a special trip to the Imperial Diet at Augsburg to paint the features of Charles V. The only one of the dynasty who seems to have been overlooked by the great masters was Charles II. He was both mentally and physically a nonentity, but he too seemed to lurk in the shadows about me.

A shade detached itself from the darkness and crept toward me. At length it revealed the uniform of a porter. I asked for Emilio Castelar. 'Here,' he answered, touching a door that I had just passed. I knocked and entered.

The Foreign Minister's office was a tiny room with one window. Behind a desk on which a lamp was burning, sat a man some forty years old. Though his finely modeled head was perfectly bald, a bright brown mustache gave a sort of accent to his countenance. He was of middle height, and looked more like a Frenchman than a Spaniard. This was Emilio Castelar.

He received me courteously, though just a shade less cordially than Don Estanislao. I was told later that he cherished a decided dislike for Germans. However, he was very cordial, and excused himself for continuing to sign the papers that lay stacked before him on his desk while we were talking. 'Just at this moment,' he said, 'I am signing a decree to abolish all the Orders.'

'That stroke of your pen,' I permitted myself to say, 'will make many unhappy.'

'Certainly. However, we are not touching the military Orders.'

Except for this, he did not volunteer much information. Like the President, he told me something of the plan to change the former monarchy into a federal republic, a league of autono-

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mous little states. New Castile was jealous of Old Castile, Estremadura was a foreign country for Andalusia. Everywhere petty local jealousies, provincialism, and secession were rampant. Financial difficulties likewise threatened the new Republic. There were no revenues. If I remember rightly, only gold and silver were at that time current, and the Government did not dare to print paper money, because it feared that for every million notes it issued, ten million counterfeits would immediately flood the market. Rather oddly, the worst dens of counterfeiters in the country were in — the prisons!

Midnight was about to strike when I left the Palace. Happily I got out of the building easier than I got in, but after groping in the darkness so long, the moonshine outside seemed as luminous as sunlight.

I had an invitation to a box in the National Opera that evening, and since the performance, which began at nine, was never over before one A.M., I still had time to attend. The Opera House was directly opposite the Palace. Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* was being sung, after the Italian version of Filippo Marchetti, who had converted it into a lyric drama. By an odd coincidence, the scene of the play is at the Court of Charles II, the last Spanish Hapsburg. So I found myself in the very company that had hovered before my imagination while groping through the dark corridors of the Royal Palace.

Elegant toilettes everywhere — practically every gentleman in full evening-dress. I arrived between the acts, and most of the men were smoking — in the parquet, in the boxes, in the corridors behind the boxes. A tobacco manufacturer who had a stand in the foyer was evidently doing a rushing trade. I noticed signs reading: *No se permite fumar* — 'No smoking permitted'; but thick nicotine clouds proved that custom is stronger than law. However, custom permitted only cigarettes — *papelitos* — which were extinguished instantly the curtain rose. Ruy Blas, the valet of noble Don Sallustio, could declare his love to the Queen of Spain, the wife of Charles II, untroubled by tobacco fumes.

The shadow king himself does not appear on the stage in Victor Hugo's play; but he is suggested there as a pitiful fragment of humanity, scarce worthy even of his unworthy predecessors, and not even meriting the right to share their last resting-place, a tomb in the Escorial.

Yes, that is where we look for them to-day — these German Spaniards who brought so much calamity upon the world. They survive in a family circle, so to speak, in the famous cloister built by Philip II. Naturally I could not leave Spain without visiting it. In the old days, it lay a short day's journey from Madrid, but to-day it is reached in two hours by railway.

The Escorial's landscape setting is noble and impressive, but dreary beyond expression. Its contrast with the coastal regions of the Mediterranean where I had been traveling through orchards of orange and lemon trees, from whose boughs the golden fruit almost fell into my carriage, was naturally striking. The country here is stern and northern, suggesting Scotland or Scandinavia. In the distance lies the Sierra de Guadarrama, over whose snow-capped summits fantastic cloud-shadows play.

The structure itself is a gigantic granite cube, dignified when seen from the distance, but repellent when viewed near by. The royal builder strove after the beauty of restrained massiveness, but, as all the world knows, he had the ill taste to compel his architect to use the gridiron upon which St. Lawrence is supposed to

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have been roasted, as a model. Four towers form the feet, a castle with a church the handle. Furthermore, there are twelve hundred windows, fifteen entrances, and I have forgotten how many domes and turrets. The inflexible subservience to straight lines, dictated by the royal builder, gives the building a monotonous symmetry that suggests endless ennui.

Last summer the newspapers again told us that the Escorial was going to ruin. Similar complaints were current nearly fifty years ago. At the time of my visit, one of the four feet of the gridiron was lacking. It had been struck by lightning and burned not long before. The natives of El Escorial, for there is a village of the same name, emulated each other in vividly describing this catastrophe. The fire started in the library wing. Men, women, children, young and old, hastened from every side to save the historic structure. Unhappily, they had only a single antiquated fire-pump, and help did not come from Madrid until the following morning. One ancient fire-engine for this giant building! No lightning rods were visible. The cloister was under the protection of Heaven, which had stood guard so negligently, however, that this was the eighth time the building had been damaged by lightning. On one occasion, King Solomon and the other Bible characters guarding the entrance to the church were shattered by a bolt.

It was the custom for every Spanish King to give a gift to the cloister. The last of the line, Amadeo of Savoy, wished to follow the example of his predecessors. So he promised the monks lightning rods, to be delivered within a year. But before the twelve months had passed, lightning had struck Amadeo's kingdom, and the Escorial remained when I saw it, as it had through the centuries, and probably remains to-day — protected merely by the guardian hand of Heaven.

The building combines a cloister, a palace, and a church. Even in the latter, we were pestered with statistics — forty-eight altars, the Lord only knows how many chapels, an incredible number of statues, and, as a tablet in the main choir told us, some eight thousand reliquiæ of all kinds, large and small. We were shown the place in front of the high altar where every Spanish King, according to tradition, must kneel and listen to his own death-mass. In the main choir was the chair where Philip II sat during his daily meditations, for fourteen years. Under the principal chapel is the royal vault, or so-called Pantheon, built of the rarest marbles. There are deposited the remains of all the royal line, in magnificent marble sarcophagi — Emperor Charles V, the three Philips, the three following Charleses, one Louis, one Ferdinand — Hapsburgs and their Bourbon successors together.

The French historian, Mignet, has characterized the Spanish Hapsburg line as follows: Charles I — that is, Emperor Charles V — commander and king; Philip II, king; Philip III and IV, not even kings; Charles II, the last of the family, not even a man. Victor Hugo notes in his introduction to *Ruy Blas* that Providence granted this dynasty precisely two hundred years of existence, and not an hour more: Charles I was born in 1500, and Charles II died in 1700. That was the sunrise and the sunset of the Hapsburg. But the poet took poetic license to omit the fact that the same race survived more than two centuries longer in its Austrian habitat.

I breathed freer when I left the royal burial vault, with its bare, proud marble walls, and drew a sigh of relief when the whole mammoth structure, which Théophile Gautier has called

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an architectural Alp, lay behind us. I asked myself how any sane man could hit upon the perverse thought of choosing this monotonous stone prison, whose every contour suggests deathly ennui, as a place of recreation, as a country house! Here Philip II dwelt, gloating over his arbitrary power and practising incessant prayers and ceremonies, the mere mechanical gymnastics of worship. Here he died, a crowned hypochondriac. He was a victim of melancholia, worse afflicted with the heredity of his mad grandmother, Joanna, than his father, Charles I, who at least had some appreciation of art, and knighted the great painter Titian. Philip's blindness to artistic beauty is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he had a life-size image of Christ crucified, by Benvenuto Cellini, given him by the Archduke of Tuscany, relegated to a dark passage behind an altar, and wrapped in drapery, because Christ was represented nude. The statue remains to-day in the place where it was then deposited by the royal order.

During my subsequent sojourn in Madrid, it rained almost constantly, but this did not keep the idlers in Puerta del Sol from their customary peripatetics. Only now they carried umbrellas, and under this prosaic shelter they managed somehow still to retain their romantic poise and national dignity. Each of these pompous loafers had all the airs of kings of idleness. For the moment they were the only living kings on Iberian soil, but for the moment only.

Four other presidents succeeded Figueras, among them Emilio Castelar. Then the country demanded a new sovereign, and took him this time from the Vienna collection. All the Spanish Bourbons did not sleep in the Pantheon at the Escorial. They had not died out as completely as the Spanish Hapsburgs. A scion of the stock was carefully hot-housing at Vienna, and when the young Republic, after only two years of existence, proved too helpless to survive longer, the crown that his mother Isabella had let fall into the dust was replaced upon his head. He lived only a short time.

To-day his son, more or less provisionally, occupies the throne. Provisionally, we say, for the future rests in the laps of the gods — and of the politicians.

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CHAOS

BY DOCTOR ERNST MOLDEN

[This article reviews a new book by Karl Friedrich Nowak, of which we give bibliographical data under Books Mentioned.*]*

From the *Neue Freie Presse, December* 3
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

Was that experience a reality or a dream? Chaos, a rapid, bloody drama, rending asunder our body politic, flashed before us with the speed of a hurried film, whose figures blur before our eyes and leave us confused and almost unconscious of their detail! No single individual among us, to be sure, actually passed through all of the experiences that followed the collapse of our military front in October 1918. No one saw more than a tiny section of that chaos with his own eyes. But here the hand of an author who has already published two notable books upon the war has arranged for us in orderly fashion the salient incidents of those decisive days when our defeat degenerated into chaos. Scene follows upon scene as in an absorbing romance. Every detail is painted with vivid colors, in language that, despite its marked individuality of style, never fails to tell its story with fluency and clearness.

In the middle of October 1918, when the German front was slowly yielding ground, Hindenburg begged for Austrian reinforcements. They were refused because our own front was in a critical position. In the Tyrol and Venetia our Austro-Hungarian troops, though they still believed themselves superior to their enemy, no longer had their former confidence. Their June offensive had failed. Although kept in the dark as to the ultimate reasons why, they knew that for the first time in the war a general assault on the Italian front had not reached its objective. An infallible instinct told the common soldier that this fiasco was due to incompetent leadership. His respect for the enemy was not increased, but his confidence in his own commanders was diminished.

Possibly his generals might again do better in a pinch. But there was something else that did not promise to improve, something that was getting worse day by day. This was the army's provisioning and supplies. Our troops in the trenches were hardly better off than were the Bulgarian soldiers when they refused en masse to remain with the colors. Their clothes were in rags, many had no linen or underwear, they were miserably fed, their shoes were mere scraps of leather tied to the soles with strings.

None the less, our forces were still reliable. Common soldiers and officers alike were willing to stand by their guns. Then, all of a sudden, the manifesto of Emperor Charles burst like a bomb in the midst of men still eager, disciplined, and obedient soldiers. Instantly distrust ran like wild-fire through the army. The men did not understand what was going on, for their homes were distant and they had become almost strangers in their native villages. Agitators at once began to circulate from regiment to regiment — preachers of radicalism who inter-

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preted the manifesto to their stolid but uneasy hearers to suit their own views.

First came the appeal of Count Michael Karolyi, then the appeal of Archduke Joseph. Here was an Imperial Field-Marshal and Archduke calling the Hungarian divisions back to their native land.

Even a conspiracy in the very staff of Archduke Joseph, at his Bozen headquarters, had not shaken confidence. The enemy seized the moment to make a general assault on our lines. At only one point, where the English were stationed, was he able to gain a few kilometres. The whole front commanded by Marshal Boroevic stood fast. That general did not fear the English, but he feared his own troops. In spite of all the efforts of the enemy, the battle never reached a critical phase. From a purely military standpoint, the Marshal felt perfectly safe. None the less, there was peril in the situation, peril of the most critical kind.

It was impossible to undertake a counter-offensive on the morning of October 29. The soldiers, ordered to advance, mutinied. The signal for this was given by the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Czech Rifles, who were facing the English. Before this, however, Hungarian troops in the Tyrol had refused to attack, and had hooted the Alpine troops who were ordered to take their place. Even the latter had become infected. The new Commander-in-Chief, Kövess, who had been summoned from Serbia to succeed Archduke Joseph, telegraphed the Kaiser at Baden: 'An armistice must be made at all costs, otherwise the army will demobilize of its own accord, and sweep back through the country like a devastating horde, burning and pillaging.'

Our enemy had no conception as yet of the extent of his victory, because it was not a victory won on the battlefield. He did not appreciate in the slightest the demoralization behind our front. It was just at this time that Premier Lammasch summoned his Cabinet to its first meeting, to consult on measures for giving the dying monarchy, if possible, a new lease of life under a reformed constitution. But messengers of disaster followed each other in such quick succession that he adjourned the meeting. Revolution had broken out in Bohemia. The National Committee there had seized control of the government. But no details were known as to what was really occurring at Prague. No one knew what the ultimate purpose was. No one knew what was happening in Hungary.

The Czech leaders were in Switzerland, whither they had gone with passports provided by our confiding Foreign Minister. While at Vienna, on their way to Geneva, they had met the South Slav delegates at the Hôtel de France to make final arrangements for the contingency of a general break-up. It was then agreed to make no terms of any kind with Old Austria.

On this occasion Tusar, who was a member of the Austro-Hungarian Parliament, was given funds to set himself up as the new Czechoslovak agent in Vienna.

As soon as Tusar notified the people of Prague by telephone that our armies were in retreat, and just at the moment that Count Coudenhove, the Austro-Hungarian Statthalter in Bohemia, took the express at that city for Vienna to secure further instructions from the new Premier, Dr. Raschin issued his order: 'Now turn things loose.' The same day the Croats revolted. General Snjaric, the Military Commander at Agram, paid his personal respects to the Emperor, and then placed himself at the orders of the Croat National Council. The commander of the reserves and his forces followed this example. Imperial rosettes disappeared

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from the officers' caps and were replaced by cockades. A memorandum had been presented to the Kaiser a short time before, in which his Chief of Staff informed him of the plans and programme of the South Slav revolutionists. Enemy submarines were carrying dispatches between Dr. Trombic of Serbia and the South Slav Committee in Austria-Hungary. Ever since October 30 the defection of the Slavs had been known to the Imperial Court.

The Kaiser thereupon presented the Imperial Fleet to the South Slav Government. Admiral Horthy first made this suggestion. Count Andrassy, to whom the monarch in his dismay exclaimed: 'What shall I do with the fleet?' answered: 'There is nothing else to do, Your Majesty. Give the Navy to the South Slav Government. Then there will be at least a little hope that it may fall wholly or partly into the hands of one of the succession States and eventually be saved for the House of Hapsburg.' Although everyone saw that the new national States would desert the old Empire, the Emperor and the Vienna Cabinet still clung to the hope that they might possibly accept Charles as their personal sovereign.

Blow upon blow, disaster upon disaster followed fast: Prague in revolt; the South Slavs in revolt; even the Hungarian capital in revolution! Within forty-eight hours, during those last days of October 1918, King Arpad's thousand-year-old realm on the Danube collapsed in fragments. Seventy thousand deserters were knocking about Budapest. They were hourly becoming bolder and defying the efforts of the authorities to restrain them. A National Council was organized. Returning officers from the front, labor leaders, Socialist radicals, and the students, most of whom were still in uniform, were determined to push things further. Socialist ambition and the embittered patriotic resentment of the demoralized officers who had just returned from the trenches made common cause. One regiment mutinied; the Government leaders were in a panic.

Professor Jassy, Karolyi's adviser, asked the Socialist Kunfi: 'Do you think a revolution will break out today?'

'No,' was the answer, 'conditions are not yet ripe, no matter how vigorous our propaganda.'

'I believe,' declared the Professor, 'we shall all swing on the scaffold. We shall have a revolution without previous preparation.'

Kunfi assented: 'You are right. The young fellows and the officers have ruined everything. To tumble into a revolution like this! Several of the National Councillors have fled. Our cause is lost. We have not a single soldier with our company. They can arrest all of us.'

However, the company appeared, but not to arrest the Hungarian National Council. Instead it placed itself at their orders. The next morning the whole garrison declared in favor of the Council. Joseph Pogany, the author, volunteered to look after the troops. Count Michael Karolyi let him do so. The man in charge of people's kitchens was summoned, for there was no food for the soldiers. Pogany instructed him to have city maps prepared with the public eating-houses marked in red, and distributed to the soldiers; and ordered that the first meal should be the best it was possible to provide. His first concern was to keep the soldiers in good humor.

While these scenes were occurring at Vienna and Budapest, demoralization continued to make headway in the army at the front. For four days, from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-

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eighth of October, the Belluno army group fought with praiseworthy discipline and courage. The Czechs of the dangerous Prague Palace Regiment distinguished themselves especially in this fighting. But overnight a complete change occurred. On the evening of October 24, Boroevic ordered his officers not to punish disobedience to orders by military law, but to use moral suasion. Czech soldiers shouted to their commander: 'Klofac calls us!' The Croats protested: 'The Hungarians have been sent home. We want to go back to Croatia. We, too, must defend our country.' So Marshal Boroevic issued an order from Udine for a general retirement along the entire front. The English had gained little and the Italians nothing by actual fighting. Our forces at the front, except for the Seventh Honved division, maintained their morale and fought as well as ever to the last. But behind them mutiny and desertion were running riot.

This was the situation when Austria asked for an immediate armistice. Her delegates hastened from Trent to Padua, while Vienna waited to hear the conditions. Finally, the Chief of the General Staff brought them. During the ensuing consultation, he advised that, severe as the terms were, they must be accepted. A member of the Cabinet objected that the opinion of the National Council must be obtained. This new executive body appeared. It consisted of seven members headed by Victor Adler, leader of the Social-Democrats. There was a consultation in the blue 'Chinese Salon' of the Schönbrunn Palace. The Kaiser entered. The armistice conditions were read. Victor Adler spoke:

'We did not make this war. Let the men who are responsible for the war reply to the armistice demands.'

Thereupon the Kaiser said: 'Neither did I make this war. At all cost, however, peace must be obtained for our people.'

'Quite true. Neither is Your Majesty guilty,' State Councillor Maier interrupted. 'The whole nation is guilty for the war. I remember how wildly everyone demanded war when it started.'

The State Council withdrew. The Emperor consulted with his old advisers, the Minister of Finance, the Minister of War, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. They nominally retained their portfolios in order that the Kaiser might not be entirely bereft of counsel. No one contradicted Baron Arz, when he declared that it was impossible to accept the armistice terms as presented. Freiherr von Spitzmüller, the Minister of Finance, insisted that some consideration should be shown for Austria's German allies; even though Austria surrendered to the enemy, she ought to demand at least that Italian troops should not march through her territories against Germany.

Finally, Arz burst into the Adjutant's room and hastened to the telephone. Baron Waldstätten answered.

'Thou, Waldstätten, get clearly what I am about to say. The armistice terms of the Entente are accepted. All fighting is to cease at once.'

Through a misunderstanding an order that delivered a hundred thousand troops prisoners into the hands of the enemy had been given. The next question was: What should the Emperor do? His different palaces and castles were considered. Count Erdödy brought alarming rumors as to conditions in Vienna. Schöber, the Police Chief, when asked by telephone, replied: 'I beg Your Majesty to be reassured. Schönbrunn is fully protected.' The Chief of Police felt that the working people, though excited by the course events were taking, would be obedient to their leaders. Victor Adler

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had said: 'You need not worry, nothing will happen to the gentry. Whether he be King of Austria or Emperor of the United States of Southeastern Europe, Charles will be personally safe.'

It was already late at night. The Kaiser recalled that the following day would be Sunday. He ordered a mass to be said; so the Court Bishop Seidl was summoned in haste. The Imperial couple did not leave Vienna until a few days later.

COLERIDGE AND THE MORNING POST

[*This article appeared on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Coleridge's birth. Although unsigned, it is probably from the pen of Mr. E. B. Osborn, literary editor of the* Morning Post.]

From the *Morning Post, October* 21
(Tory Daily)

It is to-day a hundred and fifty years since the birth of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, many of whose most enduring writings were first printed in the *Morning Post*. At the close of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth, when Daniel Stuart was editor and proprietor of this journal, Coleridge was the leading member of his staff.

Before that time the poet had been identified with several visionary projects, one of which was to open a school on a system that would, he believed, make his 'scholars better senators than perhaps any one member of either House of Parliament.' As a preliminary to this venture he was to perfect himself in German, taking up his residence in Jena, where Schiller lived, and translating the works of that author to support himself while studying at the local university. He went to Germany, visiting first Hamburg, then Ratzeburg, and finally — not Jena, but Göttingen, where he acquired great proficiency in the language of the country. On his return to England he secluded himself in lodgings near the Strand, where within six weeks he completed his splendid translation of *Wallenstein*. But nothing came of his school for the education of statesmen.

While on the Continent, Coleridge had sent several poems to the editor of the *Morning Post*, who was so impressed with them and with what his own brother-in-law, Sir James Mackintosh, had said of the poet, that he offered him an appointment on the staff of the paper. 'Soon after my return from Germany,' Coleridge records, 'I was asked to undertake the literary and political departments of the *Morning Post*, and I acceded to the proposal on condition that the paper should thenceforward be conducted on certain fixed principles, and that I should neither be obliged nor requested to deviate from them in favor of any party.' But, as events proved, he would write neither what was wanted nor when he was wanted.

Despite all this, however, Stuart, who had Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb among his contributors, gradually came to recognize the author of the *Ancient Mariner* as one of the

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great literary assets of the *Morning Post*. As a leader writer he 'preferred him to Mackintosh, Burke, or any man of whom he had ever heard. . . . But,' he added, 'when he got into his study, if the printer's devil was not at his elbow harrying him for copy, he lost himself.'

Stuart was at that time printing another newspaper besides the *Morning Post*. He thought that he might turn to the best account the brilliant but erratic genius of Coleridge by offering him half shares in both journals if he would give his whole time and attention to the two publications. But, though his characteristic want was the want of money, he replied: 'I would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times £2000 — in short, beyond £350 a year I consider money a real evil.' For this great literary lounger riches had no attraction.

In connection with notable contributions by Coleridge to the *Morning Post*, Stuart mentions an article on Pitt and a poem entitled 'The Devil's Thoughts.' 'I never knew,' he records, 'two pieces of writing so wholly disconnected with daily occurrences produce so lively a sensation. Several hundred sheets extra were sold, and the paper was in demand for days and weeks afterwards.'

But perhaps Coleridge's most striking prose work — and work which had a very dramatic sequel — was a series of articles in which he instituted a comparison of France under Napoleon with Rome under the first Cæsars. In these sketches he turned his contrast heavily against Napoleon, who read the articles, and, it is recorded, 'deeply resented their tone and spirit.'

English party spite in those days ran high. According to Sara Coleridge, the daughter of the poet, 'it is certain that some orator of the Opposition pointed out all the principal writers in the *Morning Post* for Napoleon's vengeance.'

That orator — Coleridge asserted — was Fox, who had declared in the House of Commons that the rupture of the Peace of Amiens was due to what had been published in this newspaper. When the articles appeared in 1802 Napoleon doubtless cherished a hope that, in the event of his plans for crossing the Channel being successful, his *Morning Post* critics would some day be at his mercy. But the year 1805 brought Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar, which ended his dream of an invasion of England.

That, however, did not make Napoleon forget Coleridge. In 1806 it came to his knowledge that his great English critic was sojourning in Rome, and he at once issued from Paris a warrant for his arrest. 'But from that danger,' writes Coleridge, 'I was rescued by the kindness of a noble Benedictine and the gracious connivance of that good old man, the present Pope.'

Among the many distinguished people with whom the poet had become intimate was the Prussian Minister to the Papal Court, Baron W. von Humboldt, a brother of the famous naturalist. Humboldt had ascertained while on a visit to the French capital that the author of *Christabel* was a marked man.

This he confided to the poet, and agreed with the Pope in recommending instant flight. Coleridge left Rome soon after midnight for Leghorn, where he boarded a ship leaving immediately for England. At sea it was chased by a French war vessel, and this so terrified the Captain that he forced Coleridge to throw all his manuscripts and papers overboard. Thus were lost the fruits of his literary and artistic labors in the Eternal City and elsewhere.

Coleridge contributed upwards of eighty poems to the *Morning Post*, the

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columns of which, it has been aptly remarked, furnished 'the first bond that bound Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Lamb in an indissoluble union.' In January 1798, there appeared his famous war eclogue, 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' the earliest of his verse to attract general attention. In the following April this journal printed not merely 'My Lesbia: let us love and live' and 'Lewti,' but the famous Pindaric ode entitled 'The Recantation,' one of the acknowledged masterpieces of Coleridge. Then came the 'Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,' other pieces following at intervals.

What, in short, is most characteristic in the great collection of *Sibylline Leaves* first appeared in these columns. The years in which Coleridge was connected with the *Morning Post* were, in the opinion of his gifted daughter, the period of his 'poetical zenith.'

Coleridge's contributions were anonymous, but there is no difficulty in tracing many of them. Some of his work, indeed, is over the unmistakable *nom de guerre* of Ἔστησε (S.T.C.). That word — he informed Sotheby — signified '"He hath stood," which in these days of apostasy from the principles of freedom or of religion in this country, and from both by the same persons in France, is no unmeaning signature, if subscribed with humility and in remembrance of "Let him that stands take heed lest he fall."'

A PORTRAIT PAINTER'S MEMORIES

BY HANS SCHADOW

[*The author, a native of Berlin, lived for many years in England, Russia, and the Far East, and also sojourned in Italy, Austria, France, and Holland. He painted portraits of Bismarck, Helmholtz, Virchow, Mommsen, Bunsen, Gladstone, Lord Kelvin, Wolseley, Patti, Witte, Pope Leo XIII, Pope Pius X, and many other very eminent men. The following article consists of paragraphs from his memoirs, of which we give bibliographical data under Books Mentioned.*]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, December 22*
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

One day I received a letter from Privy-Councilor Stock, Chief of the Chancellery of the German Embassy in Rome, asking me to see him the next time I visited the city, as he had something to discuss with me that he did not wish to put into a letter. Not long afterward I called upon him at Palazzo Caffarelli on the Capitol. He asked me if I wished to paint a portrait of Pope Leo XIII.

'Certainly,' I said; 'but it will be very difficult to get permission.'

'Not at all. There are only some slight formalities to be observed. This is the situation. Some of the cardinals have seen your portraits of church dignitaries, and think you would be the best one to immortalize on canvas the spirituel features of the present Pope.'

'Why, Lenbach has already painted him,' I objected.

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'Quite true, but the Italians think the picture horrible. No, you must make the attempt; and thank your lucky stars for it. You will not find in the whole world another face so luminous with spirituality as this nonagenarian's. There is only one difficulty. Since you are a Protestant, the cardinals — and naturally still less His Holiness — cannot take the first step. You must request permission to paint a portrait of the Pope. That will solve the whole difficulty.'

Naturally I was only too happy to do so. Mr. Stock telephoned to Monsignor Bisletti, the Papal chamberlain, who made an appointment to see me at noon.

A peculiar intermezzo followed. I called to pay my respects to the German Ambassador and inform him that I had received a commission to paint the Pope's portrait. As the Ambassador was absent, his chargé d'affaires received me. Without even offering me a chair he said: 'I have no time to talk to you. Besides, it would prejudice my position in Roman society if it was known that I had had a long conversation with a German.'

I bowed and said: 'In that case, I shall not trespass upon your valuable time. If you prefer that the Ambassador should first hear from another source what I came to tell you, it is of course for you to decide.'

That gentleman was soon afterward appointed our Ambassador at Rome, and, as might be expected, he was completely outmanœuvred at every turn by his French colleague, Barrère, and by the English Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd.

At noon I presented myself at the Vatican, where I was received at the same time as a Prussian Lieutenant-General. The latter, with a profusely perspiring countenance, delivered a formal speech in French to the Chamberlain, which Monsignor Bisletti appeared to listen to with a benevolent smile. I do not think that he actually attended to what the General said, for he conversed with me in an undertone in Italian while the latter was speaking.

He gave me several well-intended pointers. He told me that His Holiness had been almost violently argued into having his previous portraits painted. They had never made his great, dark-brown eyes, which looked almost black, bright enough, or the expression of his countenance kindly enough. But when the artists retouched their pictures to satisfy him, they had invariably given him an intolerable grin. I might have a private sitting, but he advised against it. Since His Holiness had formerly been a Papal diplomat and knew my own political leanings, he would probably start a political discussion with me. That would hinder my painting; for the Pope, who had lost his teeth and wore false teeth only on formal occasions, was very difficult to understand.

So the Chamberlain advised me to choose the times when the public Papal benedictions were given to paint his portrait. The Holy Father rested up for such occasions for several days beforehand, and at least during the first half-hour was vigorous and vivacious. I would always be given the same position, on the left side of the Pope, only a few feet away. Trusted persons who were in the secret would sit on my right and left, and immediately behind me, so that I could work undisturbed. Saint Lerche, a Norwegian sculptor born in Düsseldorf, would meanwhile model a statuette from the corresponding position on the right of His Holiness.

While the Chamberlain was imparting this information sotto voce, the General finished his laborious speech, and two monks from Fulda were admitted.

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Bisletti asked them: '*Parláte italiano?*'

The monks shrugged their shoulders.

'*Est-ce que vous parlez français?*'

'*Nonk.*' (Sic!)

'*Loquamur latine.*'

Thereupon a long conversation followed in Latin upon topics that struck me — since my previous familiarity with this language had been derived from Cæsar and Cicero — as decidedly unclassical. Where are you stopping? What have you seen? Where do you dine? Have you already tried our Italian dishes? Be sure to try our thick Italian soup, *minestra*. You will find the best at such and such a place. No other country makes it as well. Have you already attended the theatre?

The monks replied with a vigorous negative: 'We do not attend theatres.'

'Here at Rome we look on these things differently from the way you do in Fulda, and it is quite important that you should see a historical piece that is now being presented. It will not endanger your souls, and it will widen your horizon.'

The monks still raised objections, but the Chamberlain said emphatically, taking a step forward: 'I surely know the views of His Holiness better than you do at Fulda.'

When the General and I left this audience, we lost ourselves in the endless series of apartments. I found it a very interesting experience, for it took me into a part of the Palace that I otherwise should never have seen. Finally we came upon a Papal messenger, who showed us the exit.

The General promptly took me to task: 'You speak Italian fluently. Why did you leave me to do all the talking with Monsignor?'

'Your Excellency made a wonderful speech. Besides, while you were talking I obtained certain directions in a whisper from Monsignor, regarding a portrait that I am to paint of the Pope.'

'I did not notice it at all.'

This confession amused me hugely, but I did not let the General observe the fact.

Before I began the portrait I studied all the previous portraits of His Holiness that I could find: the one painted by Lenbach, which the Italians did not like, because it gave a false impression with its forced smile and offended them by the striking stiffness of the hands; the portrait painted by the French artist Gaillard, which was excellent in its way, but very unpretentious, and made the Pope look like a humble parish-priest instead of the spiritual ruler over millions of Catholics; and a number of portraits by the Hungarian artist Lippay, all representing the Pope in different official robes. The latter portraits were excellent so far as the costumes were concerned, but completely subordinated the Holy Father's head and features to his tiara and gold-embroidered draperies. Laslo had also painted a brilliant portrait, with remarkable color merits, but he had not caught the spiritual illumination that gave a peculiar quality to the Pope's features. Several Italians had also painted him, but in a modern style that corresponded somewhat with that of our own early secessionists. They all contained an element of discord, for the new fashions in art are not adequate to portray sublimity and dignity. Even the Papal garb, which has not changed since the days of Raphael and Titian, refuses to subordinate itself to modern technique. Consequently I decided, after mature reflection, to take Titian's portrait of Pope Paul III as my model.

A few days after my interview with the Chamberlain, there was a formal Papal benediction in connection with the consecration of the new bishops. I took twelve rosaries with me, which

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were blessed on this occasion, and which I later presented to different Catholic friends. The Pope was brought in upon an open sedan-chair, by bearers in Renaissance costumes.

The sight of this nonagenarian, who seemed scarcely to belong to this world, but whose consciousness of his high office endowed him with strength to rise and to give his benediction, is among the most impressive experiences of my whole life. It was as if Raphael's great Vatican fresco, 'Heliodorus the Temple Desecrator,' was living before my eyes. Leo XIII wore the same robes as the high priest to whom Raphael gave the features of Pope Julius II.

All sank to their knees. The pilgrims in the anterooms clapped their hands when the Pope appeared, and shouted *Evviva il Papa Rè!* But absolute silence reigned in the Sala Ducale where the ceremony occurred. The Pope was placed upon the dais; then he rose, pronounced a prayer and a blessing, and resumed his seat upon the throne. Immediately the newly appointed bishops were brought in, and the Pope laid his hands in benediction upon the head of each. This took half an hour. After that, the strength of the aged Pontiff began to fail him. His chamberlains at first held his hand lightly, and later were obliged to support it entirely. Age and weakness were even more powerful than his indomitable will.

During the whole scene I painted away industriously, and I was able to complete the picture during the next two public benedictions. The last of these was also the last time that the Pope appeared in public. Shortly afterward he passed away.

I have been at many great courts with ancient traditions, but in none of them are the ceremonies so impressive as at the Vatican. These ceremonies have been handed down from the most ancient times, from the very days of the Roman Emperors, and they exercise a corresponding sway over the minds and moods of the spectators. The effect upon the senses is so profound that the understanding involuntarily abdicates its functions. This regard for tradition, sedulously preserved and perpetuated by men of supreme ability drawn from every country, has made the diplomacy of the Holy See superior to that of any secular cabinet. Its only competitor is perhaps the English Foreign Office, whose policies have been consistently directed along the same lines since the days of Cromwell — that is, for two hundred and seventy years. And it is most significant that Rome and England have practically never come into conflict.

When a ruler approaches his end, all faces in every country are turned toward the rising sun. But nowhere else is this so true as at the Vatican, particularly at a time when the most likely candidate to the succession is a powerful personality, such as was Rampolla. As Cardinal-Secretary of State, he had long directed Papal policy almost independently, for Leo XIII during his last years left things largely in Rampolla's hands. It would probably be difficult to conceive the feelings that surged through the ambitious Secretary's heart when, at the last moment, he failed to receive the high office to which he aspired. During the early stages of the Conclave, he had a plurality, but not an absolute majority. Then Archbishop Puzyna of Krakow rose and stated that the Emperor Franz-Joseph would exercise his right of veto, and Rampolla was persona non grata to him. Thereupon the cardinals withdrew their support, and elected the Cardinal Patriarch Sarto of Venice, a man whose political programme was as yet an unwritten page.

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I followed this Conclave with intense interest. I was completely carried away with the universal excitement. The incident had this personal advantage for me — that no one took the trouble to remember the portrait of the deceased Pontiff. I was glad indeed to sacrifice the honorarium and the high Order that had been promised me, for the privilege of retaining so interesting and so significant a picture. I possess it yet, and treasure it like a holy relic.

The newly elected Pope, Pius X, whom I also painted a few years later, was by no means as able a man as his predecessor. He had known me previously in Venice, where we often fell into conversation when I was painting water-color sketches of the interior of St. Mark's. Therefore he always talked of his beloved Venice during our portrait sittings. He looked back to the time when he was Cardinal-Patriarch there as the happiest period of his life. He was right in doing so, for the position suited him precisely, and he had filled it to perfection, while he was keenly conscious of his own inadequacies in dealing with the world-problems that confronted him as Pope. He did much for the lower clergy, to which he himself had belonged for a long period, while Leo XIII, who had graduated from a career of Papal diplomacy, took less interest in the humbler members of the hierarchy. Pius X never attained the slightest comprehension of international problems or of political matters of any kind. The result was that he fell completely under the influence of his Spanish advisers — his Father-Confessor Vives y Tutos, and his Secretary of State, Merry del Val.

I recall another very interesting acquaintance with a Catholic clergyman, whose life work lay in a quite different sphere. This was Dr. Berres of London, who was priest of the German-Catholic congregation in Whitechapel, which he ruled with an iron hand. Easters he usually received certain Lucullan gifts from Germany, and he would invite me to dinner to share these with him. I always met there, in addition to his two assistants, four other guests, three Protestants and a Jew. When I told him one day how much this surprised me, he explained to me that he insisted upon being looked up to as an absolute authority by his congregation, and would tolerate no discussion of his views from that quarter. 'But,' he added, 'I am not merely a Catholic priest; I am also a German scholar, and in that field I often feel smothered by my rôle of infallibility. That is why I like to have you and these four others of a different creed as my guests. I am free to argue matters with you as an equal with equals.' I witnessed an example of his masterful manner when he sternly ordered a royal prince, who chanced to be serving him as chaplain, to leave the table and wash his hands, telling him that clean hands were indispensable, whether a man was German or English, priest or prince.

I have associated much and intimately with high Catholic dignitaries in many lands. I have always found them highly cultivated gentlemen with the most agreeable manners. No one of them ever made the slightest effort to convert me. The aged Canon von Türck, at Munich, who was later Father-Confessor to the Prince Regent, and to the end a consistent opponent of the dogma of infallibility, once said to me that he was utterly opposed to people changing their religious belief:

'I have no use for deserters, either from a church or from the enemy.'

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DJADDESDÉ

BY MELEK HANUM

[The writer of the following tale is perhaps the most popular authoress in Turkey, and is also a leader in the feminist movement in her country.]

From *Pester Lloyd, December 5*
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

DJADDESDÉ is a favorite game in the harem. I am told it is also played in the West. A player who accepts any object from his or her opponent without saying *Djaddesdé!* ('I think of it!') loses. Of course, such a game can last for weeks and months; indeed I played it once for a year and a half, and even then it was not ended by an oversight, but because the man who was my opponent grew tired and irritated at its interminable duration.

Once upon a time a wise man, who had thoroughly fortified himself against the wiles of women, was journeying through a desert. Suddenly he saw a white tent standing in the shade of a date tree. Before the tent was spread a gorgeous carpet. As he approached, a woman arose from this carpet and invited him courteously to enter the tent. Since it would be impolite to refuse, he complied.

However, the husband of the woman was absent. The wise man had scarcely seated himself on the soft and sumptuous carpets inside the tent before the woman had placed fresh dates before him. As she did so, he observed the wonderful delicacy and softness of her hands.

Thereupon he took alarm, for he recalled the proverb: 'A woman's hands are a devil's claws'; and in self-defense he drew from his girdle a book he himself had written that recorded partly his own experience. It was entitled 'The Thousand Enticements, Beguilements, and Tricks of Women.' The fair hostess observed with wonder the conduct of her guest, and said to him, in a voice sweeter and more melodious than he had ever heard before:

'This must be a very important book, since you feel that you must read it instead of talking with me. What is the science or wisdom that it contains?'

The wise man replied: 'It treats of a philosophy of life that does not concern women.'

Naturally the young woman secretly resented this reply; but unconcernedly lighting a cigarette, and stretching a foot clad in a tiny gold-embroidered slipper forth from beneath her gown, she moved closer to him and, glancing over his shoulder at the manuscript, said: 'I should awfully like to know what kind of book it is.'

Thereupon he told her what the volume contained.

'Ah,' she said, 'and have you really learned all these enticements and beguilements and solved completely the puzzle of woman?'

'All,' he said.

'Ah, then you are nine times a wise man. For I truly thought the subject was inexhaustible.'

'No,' said the wise man; 'there are only one thousand, and they are all here.'

When he said this, the woman

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stared at him with a gaze of such challenging surprise and teasing and impertinent incredulity that he almost lost his composure. But just then she sprang to her feet, turned deathly pale, and listening intently said: 'Allah save us! Do you hear that horseman? My husband has come. If he should find you here we are both lost. Where shall I put you? There — in that chest!'

The cover stood open. The nine-times-wise man sprang into the chest and crouched down. She closed the cover, turned the key, and taking it from the lock hastened to meet her husband.

'Allah be praised that He has sent you!'

'What then has happened to my gazelle?' asked the rider and wrapped her in his arms.

'While you were away, a philosopher arrived — a wise man. He assured me he knew all the enticements and beguilements of woman and began to make love to me.'

'Where is the scoundrel?' exclaimed the Arab wrathfully.

'At first I was frozen with terror. But he spoke so passionately — '

'No! No!'

'But just then you came — You have saved me!'

'Where is the dog? Let me kill him!'

'There in the chest. I locked him in and here is the key!'

The man snatched the key from her in a fury and rushed toward the chest, whereupon the young woman shrieked with laughter.

'Djaddesdé!' she shouted, and clapped her hands with joy. 'You have taken the key without saying "Djaddesdé"!'

Her husband looked at her for a moment in bewilderment. Then, throwing the key to one side with a gesture of irritation, he said: 'How could you be so cruel as to anger me like that, just to win the game!'

But the woman put her arms gently around her husband's neck and inquired pleadingly: 'When do I get the gold chain I have won?'

Thereupon he laughed aloud.

'Right off,' he said. 'I'll go to town at once and get it.'

And he mounted his horse and rode away. Thereupon the wife cautiously picked up the key from where her husband had thrown it, opened the chest, and released the nine-times-wise man more dead than alive. Smiling quizzically, she sped him on his way with the question: 'Is this trick also in your book?'

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POMPEII IN 1922

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

[*This article supplements Dr. Hans Barth's 'Resurrected Pompeii,' which appeared in our issue of September 9. It is of especial interest because it describes the extremely interesting and important new excavations that have not yet been opened to the public.*]

From the *Morning Post, December* 6, 14, 19, 21
(London Tory Daily)

Sometime between this and Doomsday — perhaps next spring, perhaps not — the excavations which have been taking place at Pompeii these dozen years or so will be thrown open to the public. A wild rumor ran round the world that they were to be so thrown open last September; but certain eleventh-hour finishing touches apparently were required, or certain ultimate hesitations supervened — at any rate, September came, and nothing happened.

Though the excavations are not open, it is not impossible to see them. All you have to do is to go to Signor Spinazzola (you will find him in his office in the Palazzo Reale), speak nicely to him, and he will give you a permit. Not only that, but he will probably ask one of his Inspettori — Dr. Aurigemma, for example, or Dr. Spano — or his trusty and devoted *chef de service*, Signor Carotenuto — enthusiasts all — to show you round. And next morning you will catch the little slow body-racking impatience-breeding train that wanders circuitously round the base of Vesuvius to the station called Scavi; and one of the magicians I have just mentioned will reverse time for you, and switch you back, for the day, among the people of nineteen hundred years ago; and in the evening you will return to Naples, tired and dazed, and all but drunk with overindulgence in unaccustomed emotions.

For recent operations at Pompeii constitute little less than a re-creation, so far as that is now legitimately possible, of the past. Earlier excavators had, for the most part, contented themselves with disentangling, as best they could, the surviving ruins from the mass of circum- and super-incumbent rubbish. What stood they left standing; the rest they cleared away. It is ungracious to criticize those who have put us so deeply in their debt; but it may be said that this procedure resulted in the destruction of much that might have been preserved — in the disappearance, for example, of most traces of the upper stories of the houses. Modern methods are different.

Spinazzola excavates by layers, removing fifty centimetres or so at a time, working slowly downward from above. Everything that is found is marked and laid aside: notes, photographs, drawings, measurements, plaster-casts are taken as the work proceeds; and in the end everything is lovingly and reverently reconstructed — so far, that is, as the data permit and the original materials suffice, for fakes and even conjectures are, of course, absolutely barred. The diggers perhaps come across a roof, fallen in upon the rooms it covered: its tiles are all lying broken and higgledy-piggledy, but the mortar on the adjacent wall shows how it ran, the cavities in which the supporting

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beams were fixed still remain. The tiles are carefully mended, like so many bits of priceless porcelain, the ancient supports are renewed, and the whole is reërected where it formerly stood. Underneath, buried among the miscellaneous mass of débris, will probably be found the myriad shattered fragments of the frescoes that once adorned the walls and ceilings. One by one, with pious hands, they are gathered, cleaned, studied, compared, pieced together, and finally restored to their original position. Everything is left *in situ*, nothing is removed, as in the old times, to the Museum at Naples — for the new school justly holds that museums are graveyards, where life and the sensation of it are vainly sought.

And at the same time every effort is made to preserve for future ages whatever might perish. But of the damp-proof leaden courses inserted under the masonry, of the sheets of glass mounted in front of the frescoes, the air-passages ingeniously constructed behind them, what need to speak? Our remote descendants will sing their praises and bless the name of their contriver. It is all a work which demands infinite pains, infinite keenness, and also, one may add, infinite loyalty on the part of Signor Spinazzola's subordinates, from the Inspettori down to the humblest navvy. A word of thanks, too, is due to the Italian Government, which continues for the benefit of the world this enormous and costly undertaking.

The recent excavations have hitherto yielded no new treasures of the first water — no bronzes comparable to the Dionysus or the Ephebus, no mosaics equaling in importance the Battle of the Issus or the others from the House of the Faun; but they have produced a sort of Copernican revolution in our ideas of the city itself. Hitherto it had been supposed that Pompeii was a place like Fez or Mogador — a city whose houses, each a little self-contained fortress, faced inward, presenting a blank stone-wall to the outside world. We admired the beauty and (with some reserves) the comfort of the Pompeian house — the richly decorated atria, the tiny but charming colonnaded gardens, or peristyles, which formed its characteristic features; but the streets, as it seemed from their surviving remains, had frowned gloomy and forbidding upon the wayfarer. The wall-paintings, it is true, did not suggest that an ancient city was at all like that; they suggested rather that it was a place of gayety and laughter, with people leaning over balustrades or out of windows dropping roses on you as you passed.

It was this strange fact that guided Spinazzola in his researches. He studied the pictures, he asked himself why earlier excavations had produced results so much at variance with them, he made up his mind that the ruins, properly treated, would yield just such gay scenes of street life as those which the inhabitants painted on their walls. And, knowing what he wanted to find, he found it. Slowly, laboriously, patiently, uncovering the remains layer by layer, he has proved that the houses were no cloistered fortresses, that they turned their faces, not their backs, to the street: he has unearthed the windows, the loggias, the balconies, which he was persuaded were there all the time, and had only disappeared from the rest of the town because former explorers had destroyed them: he has demonstrated that the streets of Pompeii were as bright, as full of life and color, as the streets of Naples are at the present day.

We pass the barrier that separates the older excavations from the new, and immediately find ourselves in another world. Wrecked and ruined though it be, the city now presents the

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aspect, as far as that can be recovered, which it wore when its inhabitants fled. Projecting out over the sidewalk are the lean-to tile-roofs which protected shops and goods from the hot southern sunshine — they have vanished from the previously excavated portions of the town, though they must have existed there as well as here. Lying on the marble counters of the *thermopolia*, or bars where hot drinks were sold, are the bronze vessels which served as measures; on the floor are the earthenware jars in which the various wines were stored; in the little ovens are the coals that once kept the water boiling.

Above, on those upper stories which have elsewhere almost entirely disappeared, rise the graceful pilasters of the loggias, from which, as the pictures testify, the ladies exchanged pleasantries with their passing friends. Almost every house has a balcony — the only house hitherto known to possess one (the *Casa del Balcone Pensile*) derived its guidebook name from the astounding fact. Below, on the street level, the doorways and windows have frequently been fitted with casts of their original doors and shutters, taken in plaster (as you will presently hear) from the impressions they had left on the débris — for the woodwork itself has perished.

The German professor will now be able to study, in an embarrassing wealth of material, the ancient method of shutting a shop: I may anticipate his thousand pages by saying that it did not greatly differ from the modern method — a series of boards, reaching from ground to lintel, was slid into grooves all along the shop-front and secured by a bar of iron. Most of the doors, by the way, were found carefully closed and bolted, a fact which indicates that the majority of the townsfolk had time to escape decently and in order.

I stood by the side of Dr. Aurigemma watching his diggers at their work. And here, in the sloping face of the mound of rubbish which they were clearing away, could be read the history of the three days' disaster of 79 A.D., just as geological epochs are read in a hillside. It will be remembered that the eruption began with a shower of lapilli — small, gray fragments of pumice-stone — the first intimation that Vesuvius, silent from time immemorial, was anything but an ordinary mountain. This was followed by a discharge of *cenere*, a fine, black, impalpable ash-dust, which penetrated everywhere, even into the interiors of the houses where the lapilli could not go. It was this cenere, accompanied as it was by noxious vapors, which apparently caused most of the loss of human life.

The younger Pliny, who was observing matters from the high ground behind Misenum, twenty miles away across the Bay of Naples, describes how, on the morning of the second day, it swept in a dense inky cloud over land and sea — constantly drawing nearer, obliterating Capri, enveloping the promontory of Misenum at his feet, finally reaching him and his mother where they sat. Utter darkness fell upon them — a darkness not of a cloudy or moonless night, but of a closed chamber when the lamp has been extinguished. When it cleared off, he says, the appearance of the world was changed: everything, even at that distance, was buried under a thick layer of ashes.

It is the cenere, which, gradually hardening, has preserved the forms of many objects whose animal or vegetable tissues have wasted away. It enabled Signor Fiorelli, in the sixties, to obtain those casts of men and women, of little children and domestic animals, *in articulo mortis*, which bring tears to the eyes of the visitor to the Museum: and it has enabled Signor Spinazzola to reproduce many less tragic but, from the

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archæological point of view, no less important matters — doors such as those I have just mentioned, staircases, architectural features in wood, a host of things we should otherwise have known nothing about.

Lastly, when the volcanic showers had ceased, there came an earthquake, which brought the projecting upper stories down in ruin, while the lower stories, supported by the débris in which they were buried, remained for the most part standing.

These various moments, sharply distinguished from each other, were all legible in the cutting before which we stood: at the bottom the stratum of lapilli, some two and a half metres deep, rolling away in streams at a touch; then the deadly cenere, now hard as stone, varying in thickness from a metre to a metre and a half; and on the top of all, intermingled with blocks of fallen masonry, a couple of metres of humus, washed down by the storms of ages from the flanks of Vesuvius, and broken here and there by traces of some nameless mediæval eruption.

Running horizontally through the middle of the ashes was a thin streak of lapilli: it bore witness to a moment when perhaps the wind had shifted, sweeping away the cloud of ashes, and bringing round a fresh torrent of stones. But what was most curious was that at this particular point there was a mysterious interruption, immediately below the humus, in the otherwise uniform strata — a V-shaped interval, two metres or so across at the top, reaching down through the cenere into the lapilli, and occupied by a confused mixture of both.

This, as Dr. Aurigemma pointed out, can only represent a hole dug by the original inhabitants — they had returned as soon as the eruption was over, broken into their own houses, and carried away everything portable. For, although the bottom of the present hole had not yet been reached, there is no doubt that it will end in a gap broken through some ceiling or wall — the town is full of similar gaps.

The layer of volcanic matter that covered Pompeii was slight compared with the gigantic mud-stream which overwhelmed the adjacent Herculaneum, and the inhabitants were able without much difficulty to recover most of their valuables; which is one of the reasons why Herculaneum is rich in treasures (still largely unexcavated), while Pompeii has been found comparatively empty.

A house near by contains one of the gems of the recent excavations — a small niche-shaped chapel, now bereft of its statue (if it ever had one), but remarkable for the charming combination of painting and relief with which walls and ceiling are decorated. The frieze, representing scenes from the *Iliad*, is a masterpiece: the figures are exquisitely wrought in white stucco on a pale-lilac background, and the whole looks like a piece of delicate Wedgwood. This house was in process of redecoration when its inhabitants fled: in one of the rooms a black pencil-line, drawn across the unfinished frescoes, indicates the point up to which, on the following morning, the dry plaster was to have been stripped off and fresh damp stuff applied for the painters to work on.

In the third house of this group there is a structure of a kind hitherto unknown in Pompeii. The ground slopes away at the back, and here, round three sides of a garden, was built a spacious vaulted cloister, or cryptoporticus, which evidently served as the substructure of a building which has now disappeared. It lies considerably below the level of the garden, and receives light through apertures high up in the

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vaulting. Possibly it was intended as a library: at any rate, it was not a mere cellar, for the roof had been richly paneled and the walls were covered with frescoes depicting, like the frieze just mentioned, episodes of the Siege of Troy.

Unfortunately this building also was undergoing alteration at the time of the disaster, and the decorations have greatly suffered. The people to whom the house belonged, trusting perhaps to the stoutness of this subterranean refuge, lingered too long, and when they tried to escape it was already too late. Their bodies, or rather the cavities once occupied by their bodies, were discovered on the cenere that filled the garden outside, — a girl clinging to her mother, a youth with his garment drawn over his head, — and now, reproduced in gypsum, inspire the beholder with ἔλεος and φόβος (pity and fear).

We return to the street. The house-front opposite is ablaze with paintings. On the left of the door is Mercury, god of gain, hurrying forth from his shrine on some trading business — a well-filled money-bag is dangling from his hand.

Pompeii, we are reminded, was a city of affairs rather than a city of pleasure: it was, indeed, one of the great emporia for southern Italy — its harbor lay just outside the Porta Marina, though today the sea is three kilometres distant. Underneath the Venus, a half-obliterated election poster indicates that the house belonged to a member of the Guild of Toga-Makers: and a series of rude drawings depicts various important episodes in the trade, from the spinning of the thread to the final bargaining across the counter for the finished article.

But I must remember that I am not writing a guidebook: selection is incumbent on me. . . . Here is the house of Trebius Valens. The outside is covered with election announcements. At the tail of one of them occur the mysterious words *Lanternari, tene scalas* — 'You there with the lantern, keep hold of the ladder.' They suggest a midnight picture of old Pompeii: a ladder insecurely posed on the rough pavement; a slave at the top of it, with paint-pot and brush, wearily inscribing an appeal to the electorate; a man below, dictating, who as the ladder wobbles turns to a bystanding lantern-bearer and bids him keep his hand on it; and the man above, half-dazed with sleep (he has probably spent the whole night painting the town red), mechanically adds the words to those he has already printed. But perhaps the explanation is something totally different; these scholars somehow never take the obvious view of a matter.

We enter: the house is noteworthy for more things than I have space to tell you. It has a jolly little garden, with a jolly little fountain in it — thirteen jets, all functioning to this day — they were turned on for my benefit. It has also a private bathroom; Mr. Valens evidently knew what comfort was — a piece of knowledge (between ourselves) to which some of his descendants have not yet attained. Also he was of a practical, economical turn of mind — his bathroom is through the wall from his kitchen, and is heated directly from the range.

Beyond this house is the *armamentarium*, or Guardroom, where the city-watch and the firemen had their headquarters. It is appropriately decorated, inside, with winged figures of Victory, and outside with two gigantic Trophies — one of them displaying (ah, me!) the *essedum*, or war-chariot of the ancient Britons. But its chief interest is of another order. It was unearthed at the moment of Italy's entry into the war, and was hailed as a presage of victory.

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In after times, no doubt, it will be visited as one of Italy's holy places.

One's mind begins to reel. . . . Next door (Regio III, Insula IV) is the house in which all dreams came true — the house in which, at last, it was found possible to reconstruct the upper rooms in something approaching completeness. The outside is much disfigured by election posters — illuminating as they are to us, they are hardly a beautification to a house-front. And yet the man who lived here seems to have been a person of some fastidiousness; his dining-room is decorated with bits of poetry, exhorting his guests to behave themselves at table, 'if they can,' otherwise they will be chucked out — a curious side-light on ancient manners, suggesting that certain scenes, for instance, in Petronius, are not entirely imaginary.

Perhaps it was just his known passion for decency that made his neighbors daub his walls with their electoral preferences. But, as I say, the glory of the house is its upper story. It is not much of an upper story — four or five little rooms, with sumptuous remains of paintings on the walls and ceilings. Such as it is, however, we are grateful to it for existing. It lays to rest, beyond possibility of resurrection, the old-fashioned idea that the upper rooms of the Pompeian house were intended only for the use of slaves.

We have reached the limit of the new excavations, but there is one thing more to be seen — and Dr. Aurigemma, with a smile of triumph on his face, crosses the street to the latest discovery. It is a garden, the largest so far found in Pompeii, about as big as a full-size croquet lawn, and bears witness to the importance of the family which inhabited the adjacent house. Evidently the diggers are approaching one of the wealthiest neighborhoods of the city. Down the middle runs an elaborate system of waterworks — conduits, marble fountains, *piscinae* of varying shapes and undiscoverable purpose, possibly intended for different varieties of fish: and, as usual, the lead pipes remain *in situ* and in perfect order. I will say this for the ancients: that their plumber-work was excellent.

Facing the garden, on the house side of it, is a raised terrace with a pergola: the marks of the vines that clung round the pillars are there to this day, and new vines have now been planted in the soil of the old. At one end of the pergola is an open triclinium, with the words *Lucius pinxit* inscribed on one of the stone couches that surround it — the only instance, I believe, in which a Pompeian artist has left his name behind him. Once, no doubt, the garden was shaded by century-old stone-pines, such as those whose roots have been unearthed elsewhere, but there has not yet been time to disturb the surface, which lies, as it was found, covered with gray lapilli. It is a delightful corner, and rouses the reflection that life under the Emperors, for those not in immediate contact with these gentlemen, was not such a bad thing after all.

We emerged out on to the level Campagna that covers the buried portions of the city. There is work for several generations still. All the district reaching down toward the Amphitheatre, and large sections of the northeastern quarters, — say, a full third of the original extent of the city, — remain to be excavated. One gazed around, wondering what marvels lay waiting there, beneath the peasants' cabbages. And it was not without a sensation of envy that one said good-bye to Dr. Aurigemma. They have a fine time of it, these Italian archæologists — long periods, of course, of fruitless drudgery, and the chance that any day Vesuvius may awake and wipe out all their labors; but they have moments of rapture such as few of us know.

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FINDING MAX

BY CECIL ROBERTS

[*Mr. Cecil Roberts is a poet and literary critic of the* Liverpool Courier. *Mr. Holbrook Jackson is editor of* To-Day. *Max is Max Beerbohm, who does n't need to be introduced.*]

From *To-Day, December*
(LITERARY PAMPHLET)

I HOPE Max will forgive me. But the blame must be shared by Holbrook Jackson. He it was armed me with one of those letters of introduction by which tiresome nonentities attack the castles of the retiring great. But for Holbrook Jackson I should not have sought Max by daylight. Yet I should have met Max by moonlight, as this story will show. It necessitates mention of my traveling companion. May he, too, forgive me.

My friend is one of those strange beings who agitate themselves with the Art of the Theatre. What they seek to do with the theatre is as mysterious and awful as what they have done with it when they have seized upon a credulous rich man. Naturally my friend wished to call upon one of the high prophets of his creed when we found ourselves in Rapallo, for not far distant, at the Villa Reggio, lived Mr. Gordon Craig, always hospitable to disciples and heretics alike. By a strange chance Max Beerbohm was a neighbor. It seemed reasonable we should make our pilgrimage together.

Fame has definitely associated Max Beerbohm with Rapallo, much as it has associated Meredith and Box Hill, Wordsworth and the Lakes, D'Annunzio and Garda. In each case the éxact location is left to the devout pilgrim. My friend was sure there would be no difficulty. You merely went to Sant' Ambrogio, asked for the Villa Reggio; he would go in at one door and see Craig, I would go in at the next and see Max. Being an experienced traveler, I was not assured of the simplicity, but I offered to accompany my friend to his shrine, where I would wait without.

It was a night of enchantment. As we climbed the Provincial Road that runs from Rapallo to Zoagli, fringing the romantic coast of the Riviera di Levante, Rapallo, in its perfect bay, slowly fell behind us. Often we paused to look back upon that enchanted vista. Beyond the white villas that shone from the darkness of the mountain slope, the road grew more desolate, branching out around a bold promontory, whence we looked down the rocky declivity at the Mediterranean Sea, faintly murmurous on its tideless shore.

Climbing, the hot Italian night absorbed our energy. We had turned off the road now and were stumbling up a craggy mountain-path winding in an olive-clad ravine. Below us, a noisy stream made its way to the sea, catching a moon-glint where it ran by an elaborate garden, whose innumerable marble statues stood like spectral figures in the still night. As we climbed, the dark valleys were agleam with the flitting fireflies, whose intermittent iridescence, as they float through the woodlands, makes them seem as disembodied spirits.

The beauty of that moonlit vista, with Rapallo almost encircled in a collar

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of light around the dark throat of the waters, the unnameable exotic perfume that came in soft eddies as we wound in and out of the darkness, the attraction of the fireflies, and the soft mystery of the moonlight on the olive trees, had lured us on without regard of time. We had been climbing hard for an hour, when I became anxious. Was it possible, was it reasonable that two highly civilized gentlemen would live up a donkey path like this we stumbled upon? My feet ached, my brow throbbed, the enchantment of the scene diminished before my physical distress.

It seemed inconceivable that Max would retreat to such an unassailable fortress, whatever Mr. Craig might do. But my friend was obdurate. He pointed to a white campanile, high above, rising from the dense wood. It was surely the Church of Sant' Ambrogio. Once there, our journey was ended. We toiled on. And then I revolted. My feet were sore, I was breathless, we were attaining dizzy heights, the path had degenerated into a gully of loose stones.

'Do you think Max would have his Sheraton pieces hauled over this?' I called to my Excelsior-spirited friend. He looked at me with the glowering contempt of the pioneer rebuking a rebel. Was not the church there — a little above? But as I looked I was aware that an hour had not reduced its distance. Then upon our discord broke a distant harmony. From the folds of the mountains it came, that haunting jingle of campanile bells. When the preliminary tune had died we listened intently for the strokes. Slowly they came, now faint, now loud, as though a door had opened and closed upon them. '*Nine — ten* — was there? — *Eleven!*'

I looked at him with venom in my glance. We had been climbing two hours, and in Rapallo we had been told the Villa Reggio was half-an-hour's walk. At this perilous moment of our realization a figure stepped quickly out of the darkness. It was a peasant woman, barefooted, carrying on her head a bundle. Her face was lined and worn with the fierce sun, but there was nobility, too. She might save us, if we could make ourselves understood.

'*Pardonnez-moi, signorina, où est?*' began my friend. I interrupted him. 'What's the use of asking an Italian peasant in bad French?' I said witheringly.

'*Signora — dove Villa Reggio, per piacere?*' I began valiantly, with three lessons of Hugo's system absorbed in the train from Paris. But I was humbled with a blank smile. '*Reggio!*' asserted my friend, '*Villa Reggio,*' pronouncing the g's hard. He had not read the preliminary rules of pronunciation. I tried again. '*Signor Gordon Craig?*' Blank. '*Signor Max Beerbohm?*' Blank. '*Sant' Ambrogio?*' As if an electric current had been switched on, the good woman became animated. She made a long speech, ever pointing upward. She insisted that we wanted the church. I gave way and feigned it was so. We parted with many *Buona nottas.*

A few minutes later another figure loomed upon the goat track. This time my friend waved his hands and said '*Villa Ragio?*' Blank.

'Do you really know the name of the house?' I asked him. 'In my hearing you've called it Reggio, Ruggio, and now it's Ragio.'

The second peasant, as the first, pointed upward. We thanked him and climbed again. My friend became optimistic; the path had broadened. When we came to steps he exulted. A few minutes later we had emerged on a small piazza.

The beauty of that scene will never

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fade from my memory. It was such a place as Corot dreamed in. Before us rose the glimmering façade of the church, its slender campanile piercing the velvet night. From that plateau, dramatic with cypress trees and ethereal through a maze of twisted olives, we looked down upon the dwarfed bay of Rapallo, glittering on the verge of the reflective sea. Above, a full moon rested on the crest of a pine forest.

A low wall enclosed the three sides of the piazza, and in the corner a dim group sat talking. My friend went toward it, and a small figure detached itself and bowed. He was a young dark-eyed priest, not more than twenty-two. He came, holding his broad-brimmed hat in his hands. What did monsieur desire? Then, seeing us clearly, he began to speak English — brokenly, interspersing his few phrases with French. We explained our needs. No. He did not know of a Villa Reggio. 'Gordon Craig — Max Beerbohm?' I suggested. His face lit up.

'*Oui-oui-là, m'sieur.*' He pointed downward, down to the foot of the mountains.

'*Là!*' gasped my friend.

We thanked the obliging little fellow. Gladly would we have lingered and chatted there in the lovely piazza, encompassed with silence and stars. We descended, neither speaking. Once more we gained the Provincial Road. To the left or right? Then it was I had a sign out of the darkness. 'That's the Golden Drugget,' I declared, as I saw a shaft of yellow light flooding the road from the open door of a wineshop.

'What's that?'

'If you had bothered less with the art of the theatre and studied literature a little more, you'd know,' I said, with a superior snarl. Poor fellow, he had not read that delightful essay in *And Even Now*, wherein Max tells of the light upon his homeward path.

A few minutes later we heard voices, English voices. In desperation my friend shouted. Out of the darkness above us appeared two figures on a balcony built over a garage adjoining the road. Once more the familiar query for the Villa Reggio rose in the night air. Instinctively I drew into the impenetrable darkness of the wall. Something warned me. One of the figures peered down at my perspiring friend, who had divested himself of coat and waistcoat. A light voice, meticulous in its diction, was speaking.

'The Villa Reggio is there. But I do not think Mr. Gordon Craig is. He has gone, I believe, to Turin, which is ugly and noisy, in order that he can write undistracted by the beauty and quiet.'

Max! None other could have said that, in just that way! My merciless friend was talking again. Surely he would not expose me, diminutive below, weary, in shirt-sleeves, at 12.30 P.M. This was no situation for a momentous meeting. Blundering fool! Yes, he *had* exposed me. I clung to my darkness! I apologized; I had no intention of calling at that hour. The setting reminded me absurdly of that balcony scene in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Blessed Italian night!

A sleepy hall porter let us in at 1.30 A.M.

Two days later, in response to a delicately penciled invitation, I lunched with Max. I found him, immaculately dressed, walking his terrace like a grandee aboard his galleon. Beyond rose the expanse of the Mediterranean, in cloudless blue that made the horizon indeterminate, so that we seemed to stand upon a promontory encompassed above and below by the radiant empyrean. It was a black-and-white tiled terrace of marble, with a balustrade fronting the sea. Behind rose the spur of the olive-clad mountain.

One other item, inanimate, sup-

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ported the Maxian suggestion of a ship's bridge. Behind the admiral, as he paced, stood the deck-house. It had no window, but an open door that looked on to the sea. Within, as if competing with the sky in which it was isled, the walls were painted blue, their plain expanse being broken by a single shelf that surrounded the room, neatly filled with books. In the very centre stood a writing-desk, neat also, as slim and trim as a line in a Max cartoon or essay.

Max himself furthered this maritime simile. He wore a light cream reefer-jacket and trousers. His hat and his cavalry-colonel's moustache broke the illusion. The one was a white trilby, the other an ante-Sarajevo mode. He would have worn neither had they not suited him supremely well. Also in his buttonhole a gardenia flourished. It was his favorite flower, he said, plucking me one from a bank of them.

We were restrained at first. He probably suspected I was a curious intruder commissioned to write an abominable personal sketch like this about him. We tottered toward the Eighteen-Nineties, of which I knew little and he much. A common bewilderment at some of the moderns who write vers libre and puzzle the printer and the public set us laughing at the famous and the infamous. We agreed that, like Mr. Bottomley, they were a Satanic Judgment on the public for its folly. This led him to remark, wittily, with a delightful twinkle that never left his eye thereafter, that the Eighteen-Nineties had never ended, for it was always a desperate determination to be modern!

We then went below into a shuttered room, cool and devoid of irritating ornaments. Here Mrs. Beerbohm persuaded us to eat while we threw sods at celebrities on Parnassus. Sometimes when Max was too devastating in his analytical mirth — for he is a matchless caricaturist in speech as well as pencil — Mrs. Beerbohm reproved him out of that spirit of kindness which, I think, had irradiated the quiet beauty of her face.

It was plain to see that he enjoyed being naughty; he stuck his stiletto through literary reputations with the skill and delight of an entomologist sticking pins through another species of butterflies. I followed him, like a clumsy assassin, giving myself up to exultation. And yet, with it all, he grew in stature. The clear conception of relative values underlying his caricatures, the balance of humor and judgment in his prose, these gifts were displayed in his talk.

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THE POETRY OF WALTER DE LA MARE

BY F. L. LUCAS

From the *New Statesman, December* 23
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

AN hour's contemplation, three days ago, of the head of Mr. de la Mare against the framing background of Watts's 'Tennyson' in the Hall of Trinity has left a memory that the writer will henceforth hug as pleasantly symbolic, laying it up against his anecdotage for the unhappy youth of 1960.

Watts's handiwork, indeed, overcolored the inevitable contrast; in himself the author of 'Claribel' or 'Mariana' need find no great strangeness — except of delight — in the haunted gardens and homes forsaken of Mr. de la Mare, nor feel that his 'Sleeping Beauty' has passed to ruder hands. But the damp, moping mystic of that forbidding portrait seemed only to glower with an exaggerated consciousness of the estrangement between Now and Then, the old song and the new.

For some there are two poets, above all, who seem to utter the thoughts that thrill or trouble us to-day. This, indeed, is one advantage, the only one, that the living poet possesses over the dead; only a contemporary, minor though he be, can bring to his contemporaries the solace of hearing uttered just what they dumbly feel in a way no age has quite felt before nor will again. There are moods when the near valley is dearer than the distant summit, and *Satires of Circumstance* mean more than *Paradise Lost;* there are times when *The Listeners* is more, far more, than *In Memoriam.*

On the pure poetry of Tennyson time lays no hand; but the later Tennysonian view of life, the Tennyson of Watts, has come to seem just paint on canvas in a gilded frame. Something has come between us to-day and Tennyson and Browning, the Jachin and Boaz of that Solomon's temple, the Victorian era. It is the presence of a certain pontifical didacticism, based on a philosophy of life we cannot share, that alloys their veritable gold. No doubt there are still persons who enjoy being slapped on the back because 'morning 's at seven' and 'Heaven' rhymes with it; but in living poets that note is happily dead. And when Tennyson said, in a moment of expansion, '*In Memoriam* is more optimistic than I am,' he laid finger on a falsity.

What business had it to be?

The difference to-day is that our poets do not feel any obligation toward Providence or the public to pretend to be less pessimistic than they are, that they do not preach at us, that their poetry is more disinterested. Moralists may regret the change; Dean Inge may weep over his Victorian optimists. For the art of poetry it is pure gain. We may be thankful that the hero of the later 'Locksley Hall' died without issue; that of the screamings of Swinburne about Gladstone or the Boers not an echo remains.

It is not that the poetry of *Time's Laughingstocks* or *The Veil* has become divorced from life; it has merely ceased to pretend about it — that because the tiger is beautifully symmetrical he must be benevolent at bottom. It is not that it neglects Matthew Arnold's ora-

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cle about 'high seriousness'; only that seems a little ludicrous to those who see life no longer as a romantic drama but as a chaotic tragedy, happy in little save its irony, but with great moments and transcendent scene-painting.

Yet it may seem that, while this is in general not untrue of the tendency of the age, it is absurd to couple as representative the authors of *The Dynasts* and of *Peacock Pie*, the dramatist in the vastness of whose stage Europe shrinks to 'an emaciated figure' and armies to caterpillars, and the biographer of midgets.

Yet the two eagles Zeus let fly from opposite ends of earth met in prophetic Delphi; there is a solar system in an atom and a universe behind a child's eyes; and both poets are haunted to obsession by the ghosts of the vanished past — some of their expressions of this haunting might have been written by either — and by the transience of the vanishing present, with its one moral: —

> Look thy last on all things lovely
> Every hour. Let no night
> Seal thy sense in deathly slumber,
> Till to delight
> Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
> Since that all things thou wouldst praise
> Beauty took from those who loved them
> In other days.

Of course, here is nothing new, though its sadness is never old. The new thing in Mr. de la Mare is this remarriage of classical simplicity and restraint with the romantic quest for questing's sake of the strange and mysterious. Thus his epitaphs, his laments, breathe the still, small perfectness of the graves of Carameicus or the pages of the *Anthology;* and yet in the new mythology which he has created, filling again dead waste and woodland with those bright, lurking eyes, gracious or sinister, that the Greek felt always ambushed there, there lives, too, the teeming grotesqueness, the haunting mystery, the laughing exaggeration of the Middle Ages.

Thus not only might the charming lines of Gavin Douglas on *Æneid VI:* —

> All is bot gaistis and elriche fantasies,
> Of brouneis and bogillis full this buke,

stand on the title-page of *Down-Adown-Derry* as of several of its predecessors (most indeed, of the poems are old friends from earlier collections), but to their beauty of nimble fantasy there is nothing nearer than Dunbar on the Giant Fyn: —

> He wald apon his tais stand
> And tak the sternis doune with his hand
> And set them in a gold garland
> Above his wyfis hair.

Not, indeed, since Thomas the Rhymer has there been such a poet of Faerie. Shakespeare's fairies are more human; Drayton laughs at, rather than with, his; Herrick's are more like, but vaguer; Irish fairies are marred by a sinister touch of Irish ferocity; while the pantomime variety, though they seem to have succeeded in sitting for their portraits to the illustrator of *Down-Adown-Derry*, are best left to the scientific camera of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Even the supernatural of Poe, though his ghost rises in the memory when one comes to the 'Dark Château' or the stone house 'named only Alas,' to the Ivory Tower in 'Time Passes' or the very name of 'Alulvan,' suffers, in comparison, from a touch of theatrical garishness.

The strange thing is that Mr. de la Mare's lightness of touch keeps ever fresh his repetitions of gaunt houses with something lurking behind their blank and glassy gaze, of the rank, sequestered beauty of gardens in decay, of doors that never open to the knocker or open only on a void. Always this Lilliputian delicacy, like the gift of Melampus, who could hear the growing grass and the whisper of the worm —

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now watching the shadow that a bubble casts, or hearkening at the fireside to 'the tiny crooning' of the flames, or seeing in 'Remembrance' how

> The sky was like a waterdrop
> In shadow of a thorn,
> Clear, tranquil, beautiful,
> Forlorn,

now dancing in its fairy-ring to the music of a metrical inventiveness unequaled since Swinburne; although Mr. de la Mare gets his effects not so much, like Swinburne, by devising regular new metrical schemes as by loosening the bonds of the familiar forms. It is his careful irregularity and variation of length with monosyllabic and quadrisyllabic feet that restores to verse arrangements, almost decrepit, a youth and spring in his hands, as different from their usual jog-trot as a living creature from the mechanical duck of the *encyclopédiste*. It is hard to choose examples — there is such God's plenty, from the playful

> Someone came knocking
> At my wee, small door.
> Someone came knocking,
> I'm sure — sure — sure,

or the adorable rhyme of 'Mopser,' to the moaning forest wind of 'The Journey': —

> And the last gold beam across the green world
> Faltered and failed, as he
> Remembered his solitude and the dark night's
> Inhospitality.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And the Witch stepped down from her casement:
> In the hush of night he heard
> The calling and wailing in dewy thicket
> Of bird to hidden bird.

If there is any change in Mr. de la Mare's latest verse, it is toward an ever greater metrical daring and, more important, a deeper shade of mystery, of that Delphic darkness which, for all his dying words, Goethe so loved. In scrupulous craftsmanship there was nothing to add; but with 'The Old Angler' and 'The Monologue' in *The Veil* rise new, remoter stars into the heights of his green, twilight heaven, and their shimmering symbolism pierces deeper than ever before into the dim depths of personality.

This is where Poetry has really the laugh of her old foe, Philosophy: whatever the weary facts of existence, the ultimate reality, at least the feelings of a man's heart are real and no cheat for him though the heavens fall. They throw light on nothing beyond; they merely are.

> Ah, Love, could you and I with Him conspire,
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,

is the Poet's sigh; but only the Philosopher is so credulous as to dream he can. Turn we in to Doubting Castle; with Poetry to hold the Giant at bay or to enchant and transform him, there are worse lodgings for the night.

> And some win peace who spend
> The skill of words to sweeten despair
> Of finding consolation where
> Life has but one dark end:
> Who, in rapt solitude, tell o'er
> A tale as lovely as forlore
> Into the midnight air.

And if strange shapes beset it and its garden is too haunted, there is still Beauty, 'The Decoy,' to lure the pilgrim forward on his endless road: —

> 'The long road, bleak and bare
> That fades away in Time.
>
> On the world's brink its wild weeds shake
> And there my own dust, dark with dew,
> Burns with a rose that, sleep or wake,
> Beacons me — "Follow true!"'
>
> 'Her name, crazed soul? And her degree?
> What peace, prize, profit in her breast?'
> 'A thousand cheating names hath she;
> And none fortokens rest.'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE BELFRY OF MONS

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

At Mons there is a belfry tall
That chimes from noon to noon;
At every quarter of the hour
It scatters forth a lovely shower
Of little notes that from the tower
All flutter down in tune.

At Mons from out the Market Place
The streets rise up the hill
Where ring the chimes that year by year
Cry out, 'Look upward, lads, and cheer!
For God's own Kingdom now and here,
And peace and right good-will.'

At Mons there lie a mort o' lads
A-row and underground,
That shall not hear the belfry ring
Nor human voice nor anything,
Until at the last summoning
They hear the trumpet sound.

THOUGHTS AT BEDTIME

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*New Witness*]

My window-panes are black to-night,
Though silver raindrops scar the glass
With sudden strings of liquid light
That shine and run and pass.

And well I know while now I rake
The embers, how the woodland thins
As hosts of air ride down and shake
Their windy javelins.

And from the housetop silently,
A giant seated at his desk,
My chimney scrawls upon the sky
His smoky arabesque.

Yet I 've a hope as I retire
To find at dawn those silver-crost
Black windows bright with woven wire
And stitchery of frost.

NIGHT

BY AUDREY WRANGHAM

[*Westminster Gazette*]

They have shut Night into the house,
He cannot sleep.
Upstairs and downstairs
I hear him creep
Softly, very softly, and the shadows follow after,
Twist and turn and snatch him,
Hide and seek and catch him,
Hunt him in the darkness with hollow, mocking laughter.

ELISE 1848

BY MARY E. JOHNSON

[*Spectator*]

Over the fireplace
Sit the grave ancestors.
Pictured in pastel,
Five in the group.

Quaintly capped mother
Sewing fine needlework,
Star-loving father
Reading his manuscript.

Two fair daughters —
Kate with her drawing,
Elise standing whitely
By grandpapa's shoulder.

Elise, in her whiteness,
Loving and idle,
Envied the others,
So busy and wise.

Elise, in her beauty,
And sweetness of heart,
Captures, forever,
Us who come after.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

LITERARY ECHOES

Mr. J. C. Squire not long ago gathered up two bundles of his innumerable critical articles from the newspapers and magazines, and printed them in two books, which he called *Essays at Large* and *Books Reviewed*, publishing the first under his pseudonym, Solomon Eagle, — the disguise is not very deep, seeing that every magazine reader in London knows exactly who Solomon Eagle is, — and the second under his own name.

A critic in the *Outlook* finds a good deal of amusement in one of the *Essays* entitled 'A Trick of Memory,' in which the author criticizes Miss Katharine Mansfield for permitting almost identical passages to appear in two of her stories. These are the parallels as Mr. Squire gives them: —

. . . . he began to do his exercises. Deep breathing, bending and squatting like a frog and shooting out his legs.

. . . . he began to do his exercises — deep breathing, bending forward and back, squatting like a frog and shooting out his legs.

Now, goes on our anonymous critic, Mr. Squire is just as big a sinner as Miss Mansfield, for on page 214 of *Books Reviewed* appears the following passage: —

In 1919 Melville's centenary was celebrated; that is to say, it occurred,

and on page 97 of *Essays at Large*

The centenary of Keats's *Lamia* has just — well, I won't say been celebrated, but occurred.

However, it is no more fair to scoff at Mr. Squire for his repetition of himself than it is for Mr. Squire to poke fun at Miss Mansfield. There is the very best precedent for doing this kind of thing. Shakespeare, as everybody knows, is full of it. He often repeats himself — or ideas closely akin at any rate — in the same play; and he was so pleased with the image of the actor in the famous Seven Ages speech in *As You Like It*, that he used the same figure three or four times over in other plays.

In the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Goldsmith seems to have been almost as repetitious as Shakespeare. He remarks in the fourth chapter that

what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter,

and in the thirty-second he says: —

I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered to the end as well.

Not content with this, he takes a passage from *She Stoops to Conquer*, and repeats it in the *Good-Natured Man*. When Miss Hardcastle is plotting to pass herself off on her bashful lover as a barmaid, she confides to her maid: —

Never fear me; I think I have got the true bar cant. Did your honor call? Attend the Lion there; pipes and tobacco for the Angel; the Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour,

and in the *Good-Natured Man* a genuine landlady is made to remark: —

Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there. Will nobody answer? To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half-hour.

After all, why not repeat your own good things? The questions for the author are two: 'Is it worth repeating?' 'Is it really mine — or am I remembering something I have read?'

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A FRIENDLY FRANCO-GERMAN INCIDENT

In a day when international courtesies of any kind are few and far between, the London *Observer* notices an interchange of courtesies between the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and a firm of Parisian florists.

Some twenty years ago the *Frankfurter Zeitung* established a fund for the preservation of the grave of Heinrich Heine, who lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. The Parisian firm of Desclers undertook to keep flowers and shrubs in good order, and fulfilled their contract for many years. The war severed all relations between the two countries; but even when feeling was at its bitterest, the French florists faithfully did their duty by the dead poet, and his grave was never suffered to fall into neglect.

But the mark has now fallen to such a depth of depression that the *Frankfurter Zeitung* finds it impossible to turn marks to francs in order to pay the bills for which its fund was established, and was regretfully compelled to write the French caretakers informing them that it was impossible to continue the work. This is the reply that came back from Paris — a reply that is filled with more hope for the peace of the world than all the oratorical thunder of all the statesmen: —

> We well understand that the present state of affairs is unfortunate for everybody. During the war we tended the grave of the great poet constantly, and we have not the intention to cease doing this. If things are readjusted to their former values again, you will be our debtor. If this does not happen, you will owe us nothing.

THE ARTEMIS OF OSTIA

In the ruins of an ancient bath-building in Ostia, a marble figure of Artemis, almost life-size, has been discovered. The figure seems to have been carried to the ruins, where traces of a kiln still remained, to be reduced to lime. It would be interesting to know what whim of fortune permitted it to escape.

There seems no doubt of the identification, for the Amazon costume, quiver on the shoulders, and the little dog at the foot, only fragments of which remain, are all attributes of the goddess. There is a headdress of Praxitelean type, and in some respects the figure is like the Dresden Artemis which is generally attributed to the master himself, and is so realistic that there are suggestions that it is the portrait of a Roman princess.

The statue is supposed to be a copy — with the exception of the portrait-face — of an original Greek Artemis, probably dating from the last ten years of the fourth century, nearly contemporary with the famous Diana of Versailles. It corresponds to a type of Artemis known to-day from various coins, and forming a connecting link between Artemis as Praxiteles portrayed her, in long robes, like the Artemis in Dresden, and the Amazon type which stands in the Louvre. The youthful form, the restful attitude, the light pose, and the contemplative mien all suggest Praxiteles. The treatment of the drapery, however, leaves something to be desired, lacking the fluency of the best Greek sculpture. There seem to be no prospects of identifying the portrait, although some conjecture that it represents a young princess of the Claudian family.

BERNARD SHAW ON LITERARY MEN

The general committee of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre has been in difficulties lately, which leads Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the *Observer*, to make some characteristically withering

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comments on 'the sad case of Shakespeare.' In spite of his 'better than Shakespeare' remarks many years ago, Mr. Shaw is a profound admirer of the writer to whom he once referred as 'my famous rival,' and the clumsy treatment his memorial has received lowers the modern dramatist's opinion of literary men in general.

This is his complaint against those who follow the craft of letters: —

> They can lay down the law beautifully on their writing-pads in their studies, with nobody to contradict or interrupt them. But get them round a committee table and they are impossible. They know nothing about that parliamentary procedure of motion and amendment without which a meeting is only a mob. They are full of ideas generally, and often copious and eloquent in expressing those ideas; but as to confining themselves to the particular points under discussion, and disposing of them one after another by a series of amendments, the strongest chairman cannot keep them to it. If they are called to order, they regard it either as a personal attack or as what they call 'red tape.' Being energetic and important people, they cannot be sat on as nobodies can; and in the end they throw the meeting and themselves into such hopeless confusion that when at last a vote is taken neither they nor anyone else knows what is at issue, and as often as not they carry what they have been opposing or defeat what they have been advocating.

A 'RARE BOOK' TWO MONTHS OLD

THE immense respect that British lovers of poetry have for A. E. Housman, whose second volume, *Last Poems*, appeared last November, is evidenced by a recent English catalogue of second-hand books. The book with which the distinguished classical scholar and sternly self-critical poet broke a silence of twenty years, and at the same time closed his career as a poet, was issued in the fall at five shillings. The first edition was almost immediately exhausted, but the demand among collectors of 'modern firsts' — whose number is constantly increasing in England — still continued. In Dobell's December catalogue a single example is listed — 'First edition, cr. 8vo, buckram, nice copy' — for twelve shillings.

First editions of his *A Shropshire Lad*, the book with which Professor Housman immediately assumed the rank of one of the first living English poets, are not to be had at any price. They simply do not appear in the catalogues, for the owners know better than to sell. It may be as well to add that it is no use for any speculatively inclined reader to endeavor to buy Dobell's single copy. Some English collector snapped it up long ago.

A YUGOSLAV SCULPTOR

WRITING in *Cas*, a Yugoslav clerical review, Professor D. Kniewald of the Croatian University describes the artistic development of the Yugoslav sculptor, Mestrovich, who first attracted world-wide attention with his designs for the Serbian national memorial, exhibited at Rome shortly before the war, when his country did not dream of the further suffering that the future held.

Mestrovich was in London for some time during the early part of last year, and on his departure took back with him some of the sculpture from the Mestrovich Exhibition which was held at South Kensington. Several of his works, however, were purchased by the British nation, among them his beautiful wood carvings, and Lord Cowdray commissioned an important piece of sculpture for his Scottish estate. M. Mestrovich is now chiefly occupied with the completion of a large memorial chapel on the seacoast at Ragusa.

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Professor Kniewald thus describes his artistic development: —

In order to judge Mestrovich's art properly, one must not study his works alone, but also the process of development which finds expression in his work. . . .

He has no system. He can have none. Mestrovich is a self-taught artist. Since his earliest youth his soul has been influenced by the cliffy Dalmatian region of his birth and by national customs and folklore. What is called 'European culture' he came to learn after his seventeenth year. There is, therefore, no wonder that his work bears the marks of that self-taught national creativeness which is conscious only of itself and does not concern itself with what others think of its product.

Mestrovich wanted to do Christ — Christ with the contorted, agonized face, Christ the Crucified. He wanted to show only the Crucifixion, the agony and pain, the crucifixion of every vein, every bone, muscle, and nerve. And what he wanted to do he did. He showed adequately everything he had in his soul to show. But he did not show Christ-God, the crucified Christ of the Catholic faith; he did not show that conception because he did not have it in his soul. In his Christ he showed the religion of nerves of the Modern Man, of which Mestrovich is the foremost interpreter. But Christian — a Michelangelo — he is not — not yet.

Should we condemn him because of his Christ, his Crucifixion? No. Because of two reasons — no.

Mestrovich is again in a crisis — a religious crisis. He is developing. This is a passing stage. We cannot accept his religious ideas as definite. We must decline them. Then, we must bear in mind that Mestrovich did these Christs as a son of his nation, which considers religion and nationality identical, which to-day still admits that it has no religion. . . .

But still Mestrovich, although not giving expression to Christian thought and feeling, is much nearer the principles of Christian art than the Renaissance or the baroque, nearer than Raffaello or Bernini, though this may sound paradoxical.

*

SHAKESPEARE IN SIAMESE

SHAKESPEARE and the Bible are always being translated into out-of-the-way languages by somebody or other, but it does not happen every day that a king is the translator. Royalty gives the piquant touch to this note from the London *Times:* —

The King of Siam has translated *Romeo and Juliet* into Siamese and issued the work with notes, mainly on the rendering of English idiomatic phrases. In the more poetical passages His Majesty has had frequent recourse to learned — mainly Pali — words, but for the most part his version is couched in a terse Siamese that can be understood and appreciated by all.

As announced in the *Times* on May 4, the King of Siam had then sent a cheque for one hundred guineas through the Siamese Minister in London to the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, and a further cheque for fifty guineas to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund. In his letter to Sir Sidney Lee the Minister spoke of the King as 'an ardent admirer of the works of your great national poet: he has himself translated some of the plays into Siamese.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Discorsi Politici, by Benito Mussolini. Milan: Essercizio Tipografico del *Popolo d'Italia*. London: Truslove and Hanson. 5 lire.

Il Fascismo nella Vita Italiana, by Pietro Gorgolini. Preface by B. Mussolini. Turin: Anonima Libraria Italiana. London: Truslove and Hanson. 10 lire.

Fascismo Liberatore, by Cipriano Giachetti. 180 drawings by Brivido. Florence: Bemporad. London: Truslove and Hanson. 6 lire.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Fascismo, which was born at a small gathering in Milan in 1919, which became actively militant after the brutal murder of Giordani, a lawyer who had been maimed in the war, in the Consiglio Comunale of Bologna in 1920, and, after 'a bloody and brilliant history, crowned by victory' (to quote Mussolini) now controls the country, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable products of the war. Of the books before us, the selection from Mussolini's speeches must, of course, rank as a document of the first importance. Signor Gorgolini's useful book, adorned with the fasces and blessed by the chief, often savors a little of propaganda; it is rhetorical and full of repetitions, and enters into details of policy which may soon be out of date. Signor Giachetti's aims are more modest, but he covers the main facts and gives an interesting account of the principal Fascisti leaders. Brivido's very clever sketches of them would alone make the book worth buying.

What then is Fascismo? It is essentially a movement to many of its followers almost a mystic faith, with no 'programme a mile long, stuffed with fine phrases,' such as has invariably been the first, and often the only, product of every new party that crops up in Italy. Its chief aims are set out in Mussolini's inaugural speech of March 23, 1919. It is first and foremost Italian and patriotic, proud of Italy's part in the war and eager to secure her the full moral and material fruits of victory. When we remember that the Socialist committee in power at Verona refused the cross decreed the town for valor, we realize the nature of the enemy to which it was opposed. The menace of Bolshevism was real in Italy.

Fascismo is primarily a movement of the youth of Italy. Mussolini himself is only thirty-nine.

Giovinezza, giovinezza
Primavera di bellezza,

runs its song.

Fascismo is not, as its detractors have said, an ally of capitalism. Students and the lower middle classes are among its chief supporters, and it has now spread to every rank of the community. Mussolini favors a steeply graded tax on capital, heavy death-duties, and the confiscation of war profits. But Labor must also make sacrifices in the present crisis.

Socialism, especially of the Marx brand, is, according to Signor Gorgolini, hopelessly divorced from the life of the country. It is not Socialist thought that Fascismo attacks. Indeed, Mussolini has declared that he is the only true Socialist in the peninsula. With its selfishness and its materialism, Italian Socialism is organically unsound, incapable of dealing with the present crisis. Real reform must be based on a pillar '*degli spiriti, degli ingegni e dei caratteri*'; must be spiritual, not material. No one is more anxious that violence should cease than the Fascisti; but Signor Gorgolini, who is steeped in the philosophy (or philosophism) that is so characteristic of Italian journalism, has his own defense of it. He affirms that 'Fascist violence in and for itself does not exist and never has existed. There are no moral or immoral actions catalogued and cataloguable; indeed, there are no moral or immoral actions because morality is in ourselves, in the will that moves us, in the depth of our consciousness. And if it is immoral to kill, not to kill may be no less, even more immoral.'

We must not confound Fascismo with Nationalism. Nationalism favors protection, Fascismo free trade and the development of agriculture as the economic backbone of the country. Nationalism is monarchical and conservative, Fascismo tends to be Republican.

England After War. A Study, by Charles F. G. Masterman. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times*]

Some fourteen years ago Mr. Charles Masterman wrote, as he reminds us, a study of the condition of England, and he has now written another. It is of a post-war England, and it may be imagined at once that Mr. Masterman finds little to cheer him as he views English society as he sees it to-day. He tells us that he pursues the same method as before — that is to say, he diagnoses health or disease — but to offer remedies he conceives to be beyond his duty. He inevitably runs the risk of being called a pessimist, partly because in the absence of recommended remedy his pages give the impression of a greater hopelessness than one who believes the English to be still 'the finest race in the world' intends; but he seems to be prepared for the name.

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His first chapter contains a summary of his main thesis, which, despite the revival of the House of Commons to-day, and despite the rather stretched fancy of the 'phantoms in a dying world,' may conveniently be quoted, because it contains the kernel of the whole: —

'Meantime England has somehow to be interested in that League of Nations which, with however great difficulty, stands as the sole visible embodiment of the idea [of the salvation of humanity]. It is not interested in the League. That is, not because it is the League, but because of the interest. England is not interested in anything at all. It cares nothing about local, municipal, or Parliamentary politics. It is like a sick man resting after a great outletting of blood. The body is emaciated. The nervous system is dead. It can only respond to the strongest stimulus. Men and women move like phantoms in a dying world. The aristocracy has vanished, as all aristocracy vanishes in prolonged wars. War is both the opportunity, the object, and the destruction of aristocracies. For this cause are they brought into the world. The middle class is engaged in a struggle, and seemingly a losing one, for the bare maintenance of any semblance of the accepted standard of life. The workmen, the great body of England, had a good time . . . they are now having a bad time.'

Souvenirs de la princesse Pauline de Metternich. With an introduction by M. Dunan. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1922.

[Émile Henriot in *L'Europe Nouvelle*]

It is too bad that the *Souvenirs de la princesse Pauline de Metternich*, which have just appeared with an agreeable and useful preface by our friend and collaborator, M. Dunan, were not published six months earlier, when that amusing though melancholy exposition of 'Life under the Second Empire' was organized last spring at the Pavillon de Marsan. The *Souvenirs* would have been the best introduction to the exposition and would have provided the book with its most vivid illustration.

The same strange mingling of various feelings, at once dismal and delightful, pleasant and deceptive, leads one on in the reading of these memoirs. They are the reflection, only too brief and fleeting, of the fugitive splendor with which the reign of Napoleon III adorned itself. But without searching things to the bottom, without depicting anything but the external aspects of that facile, artificial, light, and brilliant life and the visages of its principal actors, the *Souvenirs* of the Austrian ambassadress, describing the period from 1859 to 1871, are one of the first collections of documents to be consulted by anyone who wishes to catch the tone of a group that was neither the France of that time, nor Paris, nor even society — but just the Court.

Lady into Fox, by David Garnett. London: Chatto and Windus, 1922. 5*s*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

It is impossible not to remember as we read Mr. David Garnett's *Lady into Fox* that the author is the grandson of the man who gave us the exquisite irony of *The Twil ght of the Gods*. Mr. Richard Garnett managed to combine his Voltairean urbanity with a strong belief in astrology; and it is possible that Mr. Garnett really believes in the metamorphosis of human beings into animals. Sillier beliefs have their adherents to-day. What is certain is that he has, with an admirable gravity of mien, preserved most consistently through his tale, written the sad history of Sylvia Tebrick with a complete illusion of conviction.

Mrs. Tebrick's transformation was perfectly sudden, and occurred when she was in the twenty-third year of her life and the first of her marriage. Mr. Garnett tells with patience and sympathy of the grave distress, the superficial inconvenience, and finally the terrible tragedy which resulted from Mrs. Tebrick's accident. His account of Mr. Tebrick's distress and horror, of Sylvia's vain efforts to subdue the vixen in her, is given with remarkable skill and a reticent humor which is quite free from slyness. Any suspicion of the tongue in the cheek would ruin the story; and Mr. Garnett's remarkable success in keeping his theme plausible in the telling deserves great praise. We must give a word of commendation to the charming form which the publishers have given the book, and to the exceptionally sympathetic and appropriate wood-engravings with which Mrs. Garnett has decorated her husband's fancy.

BOOKS MENTIONED

De la Mare, Walter. *Down-Adown Derry*. New York: Holt, 1922. $3.75.

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Housman, A. E. *Last Poems*. London: Grant Richards. New York: Holt, 1922. $1.50.

Nowak, Karl Friedrich. *Chaos*. Münich: Verlag für Kulturpolitik, 1922.

Schadow, Hans. *Mit Pinsel und Palette durch die ganze Welt*. Leipzig: K. F. Koehler Verlag, 1922.

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THIS WEEK

JOSEPH CAILLAUX, ex-Premier of France, discusses Franco-German and Franco-British relations on rather broader lines than Poincaré, whose recent speech, printed in the *Living Age*, attempted to justify the policy of his Government. M. Caillaux is certainly more moderate, though the truth of his assertions is still a matter of conjecture. He brings a sound knowledge of finance to bear on his theory of the economic interdependence of Europe that he has so long been upholding.

* * *

Still another attitude on the occupation of the Ruhr is taken by Theodor Wolff, editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who represents a considerable body of middle-ground German opinion. In fact, the *Living Age* has given its readers several widely divergent views of this much mooted subject. But this article is especially important for the documents it gives in the form of telegrams from Izvolskii, the Russian ambassador in Paris, to Sazanov, the foreign secretary, during the opening months of the Great War.

* * *

The names of Strauss, Reinhardt, Sudermann, and Hauptmann bear ample testimony to the international significance of modern German art and literature. Many Americans will therefore be gratified to hear how high a place Walt Whitman occupies in the minds of intelligent Germans of to-day. Our native critics who have done so much to explode the 'good gray poet' representation of Whitman should derive some consolation from this article. The author's confession that Germany does not take naturally to democracy is especially illuminating at the present time.

* * *

The Balzac Prize for the best novel from the pen of an unknown author was divided this year between two men. One of them, Jean Giraudoux, came to this country in 1917 as a military instructor in Harvard and he has laid the scene of one of his short stories in the Boston suburb of Jamaica Plain. The *Living Age* prints an authoritative critique of the work of these two men.

* * *

Disciples of Tagore will be given a thorough bath in Oriental introspection when they plunge into this second group of his letters. And if Tagore has endeavored to Orientalize the West, surely such a practise is not so pernicious as the far more successful policy of Occidentalizing the East which Rodney Gilbert expounds in 'Semi-Foreign.'

* * *

An Austrian diplomat with a perspicacious eye describes some of the personal and national peculiarities of the delegates at the Brest-Litovsk Conference. This article is of historic as well as of general interest.

* * *

The Page of Verse is entirely devoted to examples of Oxford poetry, taken from a book which is reviewed by a Cambridge magazine among the 'Books Abroad.' These poems are interesting subjects of comparison with similar productions from American colleges. Incidentally, the author of 'In Lands Made Desolate' is himself an American and formerly a student at Dartmouth.

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